

*Regale Læctum Miseriæ:*  
OR,  
A KINGLY BED  
OF MISERIE.

*In which is contained,*  
*A DREAME:*  
WITH  
An *Elegie* upon the Martyr-  
dome of CHARLES, late  
King of ENGLAND, of  
blessed Memory:

AND  
Another upon the Right Honourable,  
The LORD CAPEL.

WITH  
A *Curse* against the Enemies of Peace; and  
the *Authours* farewell to England.

Whereunto is Added,  
ENGLANDS SONETS.

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By JOHN QUARLES.

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The second Edition.

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Alca. Jacot aut factie inatunigzais

Edm. Wickman

Script ~~Edm. Wickman~~

et corone



21/12/71





To that Patroneſſe of Virtue,  
and moſt Illuſtrious Princeſſe,

*E L I Z A B E T H,*

The ſorrowfull Daughter to our late  
Martyr'd Sovereigne, CHARLS,  
King of *England*, &c.

*Moſt virtuous Princeſſe,*

**A**S this ſubject, which  
my zealous preſump-  
tion preſents to your ſerious  
view, is a compound of joy &  
grief; ſo I hope it will furniſh  
your Royall breſt, as well  
with the raptures of joy, as the  
principles of ſorrow.

*Madam*, I am confident  
A 2 that

that I may, without adulation  
say, that your Royall Fathers  
death, gave a life to Virtue.  
And as wee have a sufficient  
cause to deplore the absence  
of His Person, so we have an  
undeniable reason to rejoyce  
for the presence of his perfe-  
ctions, which will build ever-  
lasting Pyramids in the hearts  
of those, which were his loyall  
Subjects.

*Madam*, although Heaven  
hath been pleased to diminish  
your joyes in this miserable  
Kingdome, yet no question  
but he will hereafter multiply  
your

*Dedictory.*

your pleasures in his owne.

In the meane time, may the  
Glories of Heaven, and the  
Meditations of your incom-  
parable Fathers unparallel'd  
virtues, keep a constant cor-  
respondencie with your Roy-  
all heart ; as it is the unfained  
prayers of him, who dedicates  
himselſe to your Highneſſes  
perfections, and is

M A D A M,

*A ſworn Servant to your virtues,*

*Thomas (Richard)*

JO: QUARLES.

*Robt. Quarles*



Thomas Brickman  
Ejus Liber

Anno Domini  
1699

Th: Brickman  
me Jure possidet  
Novem ult<sup>o</sup>

1699

Qui miser et Ego.

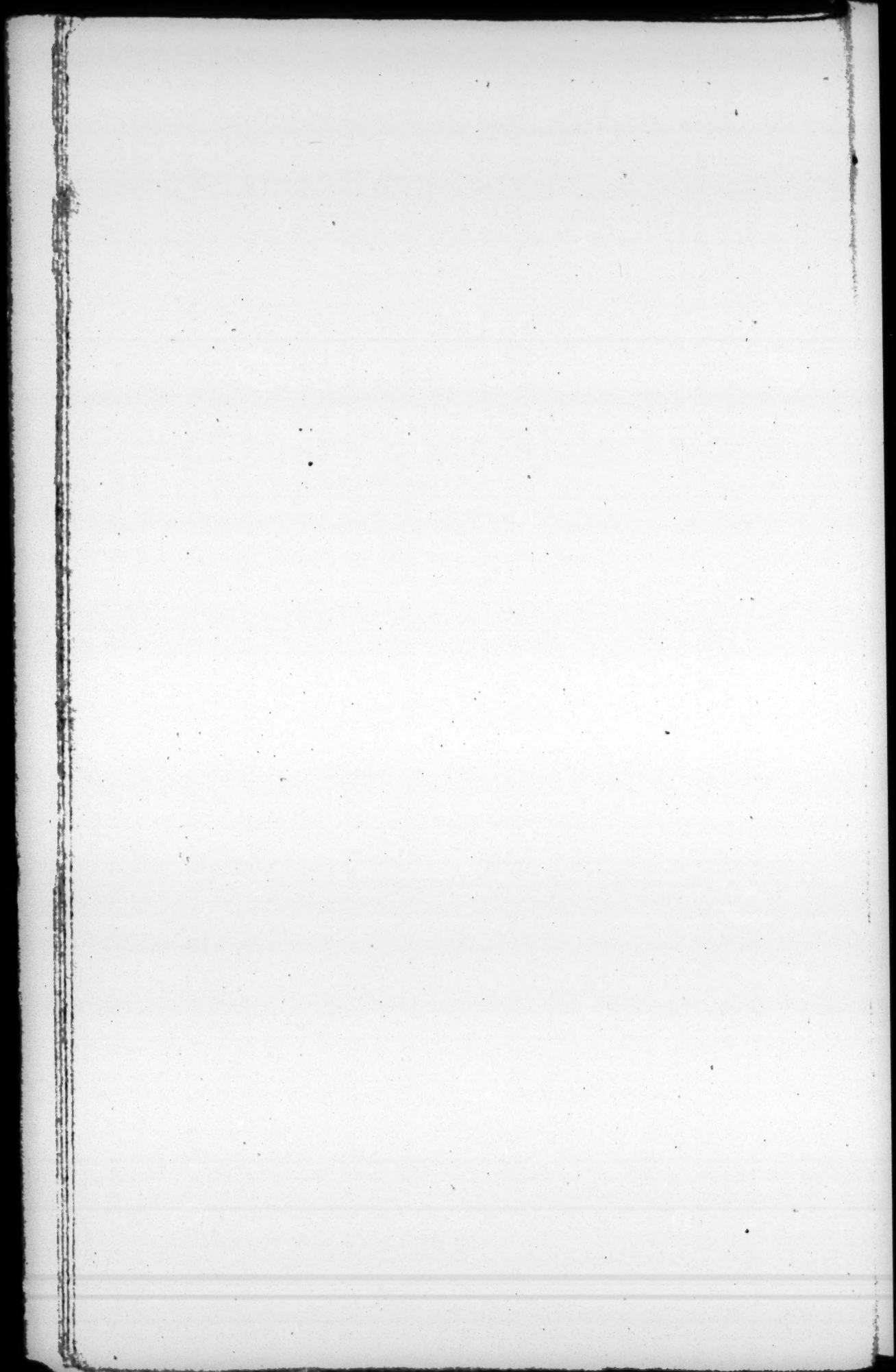


## To the Reader.

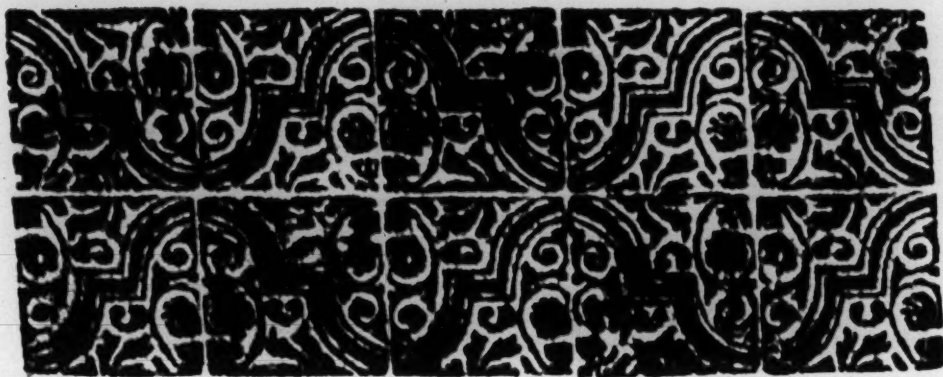
Courteous Reader;

**I** Have not much to say in my owne defence for the weake performance of this worke, which I confesse was hammer'd out of a disturbed minde; therefore if there be any thing in it contrary to thy disposition, I shall desire thee to moderate thy passion, and pardon my imbecility; for it is generally known that errours in griefe, are incident to all: as for the errours of the Presse, I suppose them pardonable, in respect that it hath received many interruptions, & haste, joyn'd with feare, are conductours to mistakes: Now Reader, my occasions beyond Sea advise me to bid thee adieu; the worst that I can expect to suffer abroad, is but the extremities of Warre; and the best that I can expect at home, is but the worst of miseries: if therefore there be a necessity of suffering, I conceive it to be the best of sufferings to suffer with the best of Sufferers, whose faithfull Subject I am, and thy Servant, Reader, (if thou art Loyal)

JOHN QUARLES.







## *A Dreame.*

**M***Orpheus* ( thou Turn-key to all humane  
fence)  
Unlock my braine, that I may flie from  
hence,  
Out of this Cage of sleep, let me not lie  
And drowne my senses in stupidity.  
My thoughts surprise my thoughts, I cannot rest,  
I have a *Civill Warre* within my brest ;  
I'm full of thoughts : what uncontroled streams  
Flow from the fancies Ocean ? oh ! what *dreams*  
Have sail'd into my stormy mind ? and bring  
No other burthen with them but a *King* ;  
A *King* ' could I but kisse that word, and not be  
An *Idolizer* ; 'tis too great a fault (thought  
To

To kisse his *hand*. Nor can I thinke it strange,  
 For *times*, & *māners*, needs must have their *change*.  
 'Tis true, I dream'd, methought my watchful eyes  
 Observ'd a *King*, and then, a *sacrifice* ;  
 And ravish'd with that *majesty* and *grace*  
 I saw united in his modest *face*.

I ran to kisse his *hand*, but with a fall  
 I wak'd, and lost both *King*, and *kisse*, and *all*.  
 And thus restored to my former sense,  
 I thus proceeded in my thoughts ; from whence  
 Arise these fancies, what ? did *fancy* meane  
 To cause a sudden fall to intervene  
 Between a kisse and me ? 'twas an abuse  
 That runs beyond the limits of excuse.  
 I was enrag'd to thinke that I should miss  
 (Being so neare his hand) so sweet a kisse.  
 I check'd my *fancy* ; which was too precise  
 To make me run so fast, yet lose the prize.  
 Thoughts, follow thoughts, and when the first is  
 A second rises, which does oft prevent (spent  
 An inconvenient action, many time  
 A second thought gaines *virtue* by a *crime*.  
 The first being banish'd, *reason* thought it good  
 To place a second, where the first thought stood.

And

And then I found my active *fancy* play'd  
 The *Politician*, and that thought allay'd  
 The former flames of passion in my brest,  
 Then *was* I pleas'd with what *my thoughts exprest*,  
 Which was to this effect——

Methoughts I saw  
 A griev'd *King*, whose very looks were *Law* :  
 He sigh'd as if his tender heart had taken  
 A farewell of his body, and forsaken  
 This lower world, his star-like eyes were fixt  
 Upon the face of *Heav'n*, his hands commixt :  
 His *tongue* was parsimonious, yet my eare  
 (That was attentive) could prevaile to heare  
 This whisp'ring eccho : Oh be pleas'd t'incline  
 Thy sacred eares ! *was ever grieve like mine ?*  
 Was ever heart so sad ? was ever any  
 So destitute of joy, that had so many  
 As I have had ? though all be snatch'd from me,  
 Yet let me have an interest in thee.  
 Oh *Heav'n* ! and there he stopp'd, as if his breath  
 Had stept aside to entertaine a death.  
 My soule was ravish'd, and the private dart  
 Of new-bred love, struck pittie to my heart,



I could not hold, but silently bequeath  
 Some drops unto the ground, my soule did cleave  
 Unto his lips, for every word he spoke  
 Was ponderous, and would have easily broke  
 Th'obdurest heart ; I turn'd away my eye,  
 And suddenly methoughts I did espie  
 • A *sacrifice* ; which when I did behold,  
 My blood recoiled, and my heart grew cold :  
 I was transported, and methoughts the place  
 Whereon I stood, seem'd bloody for a space :  
 I trembling, cast my wearied eyes about,  
 Thinking to finde my former object out,  
 But he was gone ; and in his roome was plac'd  
 A many-headed *monster*, that disgrac'd  
 The very place : they vanish'd, then appear'd  
 A large-pretending *Rout*, as well be-ear'd  
 As *Balam's Asse*, methoughts they did excell  
 The *Asse* in *ears*, but could not speake so well.  
 Methoughts they call'd a *Counsell* to contrive  
 Their high designs, and zealously dislive  
 Some great *Offenders* that they thought too wise  
 To live amongst such *ears*, such cast-up eyes.  
 “ One I observ'd amongst the studious *race*  
 “ That had (methoughts) a *bone-fire* in his face :

“ Another

" Another I descry'd amongst the *pack*

" That seem'd to beare a *Kingdome* on his *back* :

" Another I beheld which pleas'd me best,

" That could not rule *himselfe*, yet rul'd the *rest* :

" Another I espy'd which seem'd to looke

" And read, but at the wrong end of his *booke* :

" Another I observ'd which seem'd to weep,

" And in conclusion, pray'd himself *asleep* :

" Another I descry'd, among these *Brothers*,

" That vow'd 'twas right, because he'd please the

" Another he stood up, & wisely broke (*others*:

" His long-kept-silent lips, and thus bespoke.

Come ! let's no longer now be kept in awe,

I'm sure our welfare is the *Supreme Law*;

A *King* ; that's nothing but a power that is

Subordinate ; the Lawes are *ours*, not *His* ;

Is't not the *People* makes a *King* ? well, then

If we let him be *King*, we're *fools*, not *Men* :

For now we have Him in His own-made *snare*,

We'l keep Him fast, Oh that we had His *Heyre* !

Come ! let's proceed, and if our plots hit right

You shall be *Lords* at least, and I, a *Knight* :

And let *Malignants* prate, their *Purses* shall

Pay tribute for their *tongues* at *Gold-smiths-hall* :

And

And if *they* grumble at what *we* shall doe,  
 We'l make them pay their *lives* & *money* too ;  
 The day is ours, let's not abuse that pow'r (sow  
 Which *heav'n* hath lent us; for sweet things prov  
 If not made use of, have we not been poore  
 And others rich ? Come, let's increase our store  
*Had we but our deserts*, might we not crave  
 The priviledge of all that *others* have ?  
 All's ours, and yet our miseries are such  
 That we are rich in *little*, poore in *much* ;  
 Alas ! our tender hearts are fill'd with pity  
 To see so many blind in one poore *City* ;  
 If they would please in a true zealous fashion  
 To moderate their long-continued *passion*,  
 I would much rejoyce the *Saints*, & we will pray  
 That they may live untill a wiser day ;  
 They are very *pious People*, and we could  
 Both live, and die together, if they would  
 But furnish our desires with every thing  
 We want, and dote not too much on a *King* ;  
 He's but a *man* at most, and yet *they* must  
 Adore His *Person*, though He be *unjust*.

I could not chuse but laugh the other day,  
 I spy'd a *Cavalier* that closely lay



Perdue to kisse his *hand*, and by and by  
He starts away, and when he was as nigh  
(That which they call a *King*) as his owne length  
His *legs* (not having that sufficient strength  
His *hast* requir'd ) receiv'd a sudden fall  
And overturn'd *himselfe*, his *King*, and *all* :  
The sight much pleas'd me, being very near,  
*I* never help'd the *King*, nor *Cavalier* :  
*I* soone retreated from that happy place,  
And left them both in a distracted case;  
But as *I* went, *I* was so blest to meet  
An upright *Sister*, whose dividing feet  
Stept with such innocency, that my heart  
Did almost leap upon *her* to impart  
My new-bred joy ; her very looks betray'd  
Her heart, indeed she was a lovely Maid ;  
*I* bow'd my selfe, and zealously imbrac'd  
The small circumf'rence of her bending waste,  
*I* courted *her*, and having done that duty,  
My lips divided, and *I* prais'd her beauty ;  
Extreams of joy did almost make me faint ;  
*I* thought, oh ! *here's a Sister for a Saint* :  
*I* was amaz'd, my very soule did move  
Between the great extreams of *fear*, and *love* ;

She

She smil'd upon me, and that very smile  
 Prov'd a *Restorative*, and for a while  
 I mus'd ; at last my lips began to breake  
 As if that smile had licenc'd them to speake ;  
 Oh ! then my *mouth* being ram'd *with words*, let flie  
 Both *wit*, and *language*, and did soare as nigh  
 As our *Remonstrance*, oh ! how *I* did heat  
 Her cares with my discourse, it was so neat  
 As if my ready *mouth* had been the *Schoole*  
 Of *language*, yet she pleas'd to call me *Foole* ;  
 But 'twas in jest I'm sure, or were it not  
 'Tis nothing, since my goodnesse has forgot  
 My *Sisters* weaknesse, and indeed we *men*  
 Mult beare with *Sisters* failings, *now*, and *then* ;  
 They often trip in *zeale*, and sometimes take  
 A fall, and love it for the *Givers* sake :  
 But after she had call'd me *Foole*, she checkt  
 Her selfe ; *I* wisely own'd it with neglect,  
 I spread my *cloake* upon the ground, and there  
 We sat discoursing in the open aire :  
*Sister*, said *I*, you have been pleas'd to spend  
 The name of *Foole* upon your faithfull friend,  
 It was my *worth* you rashly did eclips,  
 And I'll have satisfaction from those lips

That

That gave th'affront, let me no longer stay,  
My fury will admit of no delay.

Deare *Brother*, she reply'd, if you must have  
A satisfaction, give me leave to crave  
That you'l be moderate ; I must detest  
Your lofty *play*, the middle *way* is best ;  
But if you are resolv'd, you shall not say  
*I'm* obstinate ; for if you *will*, you *may* :  
*I* soone return'd her thanks, and with my hand  
*I* pull'd her close, and made her understand  
What *I* had seen : but oh how she was pleas'd !  
Ah verily (said she) the newes has eas'd  
My longing *heart*. But when the *King* fell downe  
Thou wert unwise thou hadst not scatch'd His  
'Tis rarely spoken *Sister*, had *I* had (Crowne.  
The *Crowne*, *I* should have made a gallant *Lad* ;  
Should *I* but sway the Scepter of this Land,  
*I'd* make my *Subjects* die at my command ;  
*I'd* lop the *great ones* off, and make the *low*  
Subordinate to *me*, *I'd* make them know  
The *reines* were mine ; but at the first *I'd* steale  
Into their hearts, and fool them with my *zeale*.  
*I* would declare unto the world, and take  
An Oath, *I* acted for *Religions* sake :



*I'd fill them full of novelties, and then  
Sister thou knowst the common sort of Men  
(Like flies) will buz about my new-made light ;  
I'd call them Babes of Grace, and make them fight  
With Cerberus himselfe in my defence,  
My Soule now tells me, 'tis a rare pretence :  
I'd hire some bauling Preachers to infuse  
Division ; and to flatter them with newes.  
I'd plump their soules with promises, that they  
Should never faile to sweare, what I should say ;  
I'd make my Preachers urge them all to joyne  
And fight for God ; then will their Plate be mine :  
This is an art that lies above the reach  
Of every braine : I'd suffer all to Preach  
And sow sedition, every one should be  
At least a Saint, and preach upon a Tree :  
And if my great occasions should require  
Large summes of money, then would I inspire  
A Publique faith ; and if it would not rise  
That way, I'd make the bellowes of Excise  
To puffe it up ; this is a cleanly way  
To sweep up money, Souldiers must have pay.  
Sister, thou knowst 'tis no disgracing stealth  
To make Religion rob the Common-wealth :*

What

What though *Malignants* raile at our designs,  
 We can extract our livings from their *fines* :  
 I've spoke enough, now *Sister* I'll divorce  
 My nimble tongue from this *profound discourse* :  
 Now give me leave to dedicate my heart  
 To thee (my *Patronesse*) before I part.

Brother, alas ! I am a harmlesse Mayd,  
 And we you know are easily betray'd  
 By mens delusion : If your love be true,  
 The zeale of my affections light on you ;  
 You know we ought to love, and none can be  
 More honest in their harmlesse loves than we,  
 For we may love each other in the Spirit,  
 And pray, and preach together, and inherit  
 Our owne desires, whilst others send their cries  
 To their Beloveds, and yet loose the prize.

*Sister*, thou hast exactly satisfd  
 My large desires : may happinesse bety'd  
 The thriving *Spirit*, truly 'tis a paine  
 To part, but that I hope to meet againe :  
 London, (that nest of worth) that yeilding place,  
 I am resolv'd to view, within the space  
 Of forty howres, where I intend to spare  
 Some time, and see some *Brethren* I have there,

It is a goodly place, as *fame* relates,  
For there the *Sisters* live, and all the *States* :  
Truly, th'are very godly, and pretend  
Just like *our Selves*, to be a faithfull Friend  
To KING, and *Monarchy*, when as Alas---  
And then I wak'd, and let the other pass  
Unutter'd, but indeed I doe confesse  
I wish that I had heard a great deale lesse,  
And yet (to speake the truth) I was perplext  
Because I could not heare what followed next.

This was a midnights dreame, I was in paine  
Till night had lull'd me in her armes againe,  
And for the space of halfe a tedious howre  
I was disturb'd, till sleep had gain'd some power  
Over my slumb'ring senses, but at last  
Call'd to the barre of sleep, I there was cast :  
I had not long in peacefull pleasure slumber'd,  
Before an interpoling dreame incumber'd  
My quiet fancy, suddenly my eare  
Was fill'd with such a noise, as none could heare  
Without much feare, as if th' incurved back  
Of burth'ned *Atlas* had begun to crack.  
Methoughts I saw the *Heav'ns* how they begun  
(As if th'ad scorn'd the glory of the Sun)



To frowne upon the earth, which seem'd to flame  
Like sulphurous *Etna* from whose bowels came  
Whole Regiments of *Spirits* which disturb'd  
The aire, whose fury hated to be curb'd ;  
Methoughts they were ambitious to expell  
Some *Potentate*, and make his seat their Hell :  
Methoughts at last (*I* slumb'ring) seem'd to heare  
A single voice that whisper'd in my eare,  
But thund'red in my heart, which made me grone  
At every word ; exprest in such a tone  
Which would with great facility have turn'd  
A Tyrants heart, or else consum'd and burn'd  
His breast to ashes, and if language could  
Move pity in a flinty-soule, this would,  
He bolted forth his griefs, like claps of thunder,  
As if each word should cleave a heart in sunder ;  
His voice being guarded with a pleasing force,  
*I* sacrific'd my cares to his discourse ;  
Methoughts my soule, my very cares were blest  
In giving audience, whilst he thus exprest.

Oh heaven ! oh earth ! how can ye chuse but  
To see them make a foot-ball of a Crown ? (frown  
How long shall *I* be made an aym'd-at marke  
Of pointed envie ? shall they make me darke

That I made light ? and shall that *light* devoure  
 The former principle ? Unhappy houre  
 When my abused willingnesse was made  
 A Stalk-horse unto those, who have betray'd  
 An Island unto tyranny ; whose *Loves*  
 Oppresse true *Subjects*, and make *me the Cause* :  
 Malitious *age*, and will their *fury* have  
 No end, untill it send *me* to my grave ?  
 A grave, a most peacefull *place*, for *I'm* sure  
 There's no *Rebellion* ; there *I'll* rest secure ;  
 Where neither grief, nor care, shall dare torment  
 My sublime soule, there, there lies true content.  
 There, there's the death of sorrow, and the life  
 Of Peace, and there's a period to all strife. (tric  
 There's none can mock my woes, there's none can  
 A King, nor make a Garrison, but *I*.  
 And what *I* spake, my soule protests is true,  
*I* am no slave to death, but unto you.  
 My soul's my Gods, and *Tyrants* doe your worst.  
*Job's soule* was free, when's body was accurst :  
 But you *bloud-thirsty Zealots*, learn to know  
 You never can rise *high*, if *I* fall *low*.  
*I* feare no *threats*, let torments all conjoyne  
 Themselves, at last ye'll find them *yours*, not *mine*.

What

What though I suffer here, my *suffering* shall  
Advance my *soule* ; *May they not make you fall ?*  
Let out my *life*, goe make a streaming *floud*,  
And bath your *selves* in my diffused *bloud*.  
Let loose your *Furies*, give your *passions* breath,  
And let them bait my *body* unto *death*.  
I am resolv'd, my heart shall flie above  
The reach of feare, and view the God of love ;  
Consider well, what glory can accrew  
From my destruction, to such *soules* as you ;  
Be not too rash, but know a *cause* that's dy'd  
In guiltlesse *bloud* cannot be justify'd ;  
A prosperous *vice* shall never claime a right  
To perpetuity, 'twill but invite  
A totall *ruine*, 'tis a greater *Fame*  
To die with *virtue*, than to live with *shame* :  
You seek for *truth*, and yet you goe the way  
To make the *field of truth* a *Golgotha* ;  
There is a great *antipathy* between  
*Faction*, and *Peace*, and yet my eyes have seen  
How you (whose restlesse *Spirits*, still increase  
With *Faction*) seem to study for a *Peace* ;  
Doe not mistake, for they that will compose  
A difference, must never doe't by blowes.



The worst of Apprehensions may descric  
You nourish *Spiders*, and destroy the *Flie*.  
Who glory in a *crime*, will in conclusion  
Receive a *curse*, and with that curse *confusion* :  
I long to be resolv'd, pray tell me why  
Ye think ye cannot *live*, except I die ?  
Your thoughts are vaine, 'twill be a *tainted breath*  
That has it's derivation from my *death*.  
Am I *Basiliske* ? and can my eyes  
Devoure you ? for you know my body lies  
Subject to be destroy'd, not to destroy  
(By taking up of Armes) your *Kingly joy* :  
But you suppose, if I should long survive,  
I would become laborious, and contrive  
Some new designes, & with my numerous *forces*  
Divert the streame of your *unlawfull courses* ;  
Make *reason* your Companions, walke a while,  
Consult together, stride not o're the *stile*  
When as the *gap* lies open, they're unwise  
That will (when they foresee a harme) despise  
Preventing meanes ; for if you take this *life*  
From my enjoyment, ye'le beget a *strife*  
That will not end, and when that *strife* is bred,  
Then will my *wrongs* survive, though I am *dead*,

And

And you that caus'd my guiltlesse heart to bleed  
Will find *another* to revenge the deed;  
Aske Heaven's forgivenessse, for ye cannot crave  
Leave to abscond your *crimes*, within my Grave:  
Be well assur'd, that ev'ry drop which parts  
Out of my *veins*, shall cleave unto your hearts  
Like tangling *bird-lime* which will hold you fast,  
And *vengeance* too, shall find you out at last,  
Heav'n's all-surveying *eye* must needs observe  
Your late unpolish'd actions, which deserve  
As many torments as th'inraged hand  
Of *veng'ance* can impose, or *Heav'n* command:  
Did I not labour with a serious brest  
During the *Treaty*, to restore some rest  
To this distemper'd *Kingdome*? but the gales  
Of *Malice*, were oppugnant to my sailes;  
My heart was loaded with the large encrease  
Of hopeful thoughts, my *soul* was fill'd with *peace*:  
But at the last my hopes prov'd uselesse drosse,  
And then I lost a *Crown*, and found a *Crosse*;  
Heav'n hear my wish, oh grant I may commence  
A *Doctor*, in the art of *Patience*!  
It matters not how poor my Person be,  
If at the last I may be crown'd with thee.

Thou

Thou knowst the secret corners of my heart  
 Which is at thy disposing, for thou art  
*The King of Kings*, and unto thee i'll pay  
 The tribute of my *soul*, both night, and day.  
 I am thy *Subject*, give me grace to stand  
 Firmly obedient to thy just *command*.  
 When for my *sins* I shall receive thy *blowes*,  
 Oh give me power to *suffer*, not *oppose* !  
 Pardon my *Enemies* which have been strong,  
 And alwayes studious how to doe me wrong :  
 And though they've vented that which is un-  
*Father forgive, they know not what they do.* (true,  
 They hate their *King*, & are not pleas'd with any,  
 O grant, good God, they may not find too *many*.  
 The chiefest of their *worke*, is to devour ;  
 (*Stones* have usurpt their *hearts*, as they my *power*)  
 Against the sound of *Peace*, their *eares* are bar'd  
 Oh never sure, was *Pharaohs* heart so hard.  
 They dis-respect their *King* ; it was not so  
 With *Shadrach*, *Mesbach*, and *Abednego* ;  
 Their *tongues* have vilifi'd me oftentimes,  
 These three were never guilty of such Crimes ;  
 Their *hearts* had vow'd obedience to their *Kings*,  
 And never try'd by force of Armes to bring

*Their*



*Their own Designes to passe; but their submission  
Sent comfort to their souls, and much contrition  
To him, whose more then seven times heated breast  
Did soon regret what his hot rage exprest.*

But well, since thus it is, I'll strive to sway  
*The Scepter of my miseries, and lay  
A good foundation, that my Foes may build  
Their torments on my breast, which shall be fill'd  
With true content, I'll labour to support, (fort)  
(But yet must yeeld, when death shall storm the  
I cannot start at death, I know it brings  
A finis to my ancient griefs, and sings  
Anthems of Peace: how happy's he that can  
Flie to his God, and scorne the rage of Man?*

*Thunder ye Sons of Tyranny, let rage  
Flash from your sulph'rous founts, strive to ingage  
The flames of Etna too, and let them dash  
Against my breast; I'll own them as a flah;  
Flatter your souls, prepare your hands to do  
A deed, that Heav'n will not advise you to.  
I pittie you, my heart cannot forbear  
To sigh; and Nature too, commands a teare;  
Oh that my head (like to a Fountaine) could  
Furnish my eyes with teares, oh then I would*

Begin

Begin the *morning*, and conclude the *day* (way;  
 With *Drops*, and wash the black-brow'd *night* a-  
 Oh let my language whet your dul belief,  
 'Twas you that fill'd myflowing heart with grief,  
 And now my Torments more and more excel,  
 Heav'n grant me *breath* enough to bid Farewel,  
 Farewel; sad word, that like a bolt of thunder  
 Hath more then cleft my reaving heart in sunder.  
 Death's nothing like the *sorrow* which I finde  
 Raifing a towre of *woe* within my minde.

Thou *partner* of my *soul*, how can I die  
 And leave thee here to weep a Lullaby  
 To my indulgent *babes*, how can it be  
 That I must leave so dear a *sponse* as thee?  
 Poor *hearts*, If I must goe and leave you all  
 Confus'd together in the common *hall*  
 Of this intraged *world*, what wil ye doe  
 But mourne for *me*, as I have mourn'd for you?  
 Oh where wil you retire your selves, and spend  
 Your groaning *houres*, oh what regarding *friend*  
 Wil give a minuits *audience*, or relieve  
 Your pining *wants*, or *moan* to hear you *grieve*?  
 What Nation wil regard, or entertaine  
 (A royal) though a miserable traine?

This is a sorrow that divides my brest ;  
This is a grief that cannot be exprest  
Without a fractur'd heart, this is a wound  
That makes confusion active to confound.  
Were it a possibility to have  
Ten thousand Lyons lodg'd within this Cave,  
(This trunk of mine) they could not more tor-  
My heart, then this unbounded discontent; (ment  
Should all the Tyrants in the world contrive  
A way to make a dying soul survive  
With living paine, they never could exceed  
The Tyrants of these Times in such a deed ;  
I have been long imprison'd ; and at last  
Call'd to the bar ; how soon I may be cast  
Heav'n knows, not I, for they that were so bold  
To bring me thither, will, if not controul'd,  
Force me to death, their very looks declare  
Their resolutions, whilst their hearts prepare  
To suck my veins; Ah thus they have betray'd me,  
And smile to see how glorious they have made me  
They swell'd like mountains, and at last brought  
The Mouse of Reformation, whose worth (forth  
Is seated in all lofty braines, and hurl'd  
Through every corner of th' inquiring World.

But



But why should I insist upon your *Crimes* ?  
 May *heav'n* forgive you, and send better *times* :  
 I know my *dayes* are short, 'tis therefore meet  
 To leave this *Crown*, and buy a winding-*sheet*.  
 Be gone terrestriall *pleasures*, for ye are  
 But *Goalers* to your *Keepers*, and insnare  
 Your fond *beleevers*, goe, my *heart's* no *tombe*  
 To give you *buriall*, seek some other *roome* ;  
 Flie then my *soul* ; but stay, what *hand* is this  
 That seems to hold me from my long'd-for *blisse* !  
 More sorrows yet ; will not th' *Almighty* please  
 'T afford my *soul* on earth a minutes ease ?  
 Oh thou that mak'st my *harvest* full of paines,  
 Grant that my working *soul* may reap the *gains* ;  
 Grief's grown a *Polititian*, and it keeps  
 A strong reserve ; what eye is this that weeps  
 These briny teares into my fluent *heart*,  
 As if those *floods* should drownd me e're I part ?  
 What *voice* is this I seem to hear ? what tones  
 Are these that lavish out themselves in *groanes* ?  
 What *ayles* my *thoughts* ? what neer related breath  
 Is this that seems to breath a sudden *death*  
 Into my panting *breast* ? methinks I heare  
 A *female voice*, cry, must I languish here ?

Hard-hearted *death*, why art thou thus unkinde  
To take him hence, and leave me here behinde  
To weep his *obsequies* ? draw up thy *boe*,  
And send me whither I desire to goe. (stood,  
Shoot, shoot, oh *Death*, thou shalt not be with-  
Come, dip thy *arrowes* in my crimson *bloud*,  
Fear not, let flie, and let thy rovers hide  
Their twi-fork'd *heads* within my wounded *sides* :

Oh Heav'n, since thou wert pleas'd to joyn our  
And *hearts* together, let thy strict *cōmands* (*hands*  
Urge *death* to strike us *both*, that we may fly,  
And dedicate our *souls* t' eternity ;

Alas, what joy, what *comfort* can accrew  
To me, when *he* shall bid this world adue ?

I liv'd within his *heart*, but ah, if he  
Shall quit this *earth*, what *life* remains in me ?

Alas sad *heart*, what canst thou doe but pine ?

Never could *grief* be parallel'd with mine ;

I am the Sea of *grief*, all streams doe tend

Towards me, for ah my *sorrowes* know no end :

The sturdy winds of *care*, and *trouble* blowes

Into my *soul*, my *Ocean* alwayes flowes

And never *ebbes* ; oh miserable *age* ;

How am I made a *subject* to their rage

Whose

Whose pare-boyl'd *soules* observe no other dyet  
But *blood* ; and seeme to rest in our disquiet ;  
You all-exceeding *Tyrants*, if ye thirst  
For royall *blood*, be pleas'd to take mine first,  
Mines but a *draught*, yee'le quickly swil it up,  
Alas, it wil not yeeld each *soul* a sup ;  
You are the *fountains* from whose breasts do spring  
The streames of *murder*, and your *souls* can sing  
Nothing but bloody *notes* ; you can contract  
The body of all *mischief*, and enact  
What pleases *you* ; But will you subjugate  
Your legall *King*, whose *patience* is your *hate* ;  
But if you seek his fatall overthrow,  
Ye'le *murder* more then *thousands* at one blow ;  
But why doe I thus languish breath in vaine,  
On those whose *fury* have no ears ? refraine  
My trembling *tongue* ; *Tyrants* ; Ile leave you here  
And turn my thoughts to *Charls*, whose lif's as  
To me, as *death* is cheap to you ; Alas, (dear  
My *heart* is full, I cannot let thee passe  
Without a  *sigh*, nor can my eyes forbear  
To wail thy *sad remembrance* with a *teare*.  
Has *Heav'n* decreed it ? must we be devided  
Dear *King* ; and must our sorrowes be derided ?



Thou great Recorder of my thoughts, to thee  
 I will resigne ; command, and I will be  
 A subject to thy wil ; Oh let me have  
 Thy gracious pardon, then a speedy grave,  
 For ah, what comfort can my wasting breast  
 Hope to receive, when I am dispossest  
 Of such a joy ? alas where shall I seate  
 My heart ; tears are my drink, and sighes my meate,  
 These pallid lippes of mine shall never dare  
 To own a smile ; I'le live with grief and care,  
 Except my God will please to take me hence,  
 And make his glorious Kingdome my defence ;  
 Was it not grief enough to be absented  
 Five yeers from him, whose absence was lamented  
 With reall drops ? yet then I could obtaine  
 Some hopes to see him in his throne againe.

But hark ! methinks my Fancy seems to heare  
 An aire of comfort breathing in my eare,  
 It is the voice of Charls, whose pleasing breath  
 Seemes to advance me from the shades of death.  
 Methinks I hear his language, which distils  
 Out from the Limbick of his soul, and fills  
 My pining heart with a triumphing joy  
 His voice revives me, but his words destroy.

He thus proceeds;----Oh thou that are the *vine*  
Which twists about this twining *heart* of mine,  
Approach my *presence*, and I will declare  
How great my *sufferings*, and my *comforts* are :

First I was tost, and banded to and fro  
From place to place, permitted not to goe  
Without a guard, a guard that did pretend  
Rather to act a *murder*, then defend :  
Then was I hurry'd to that fatall *place*  
Of *London*, where I know I must uncase  
My willing *soul*, which shall rejoyce, when they  
That are my *Judges* shall presume to lay  
Their accusations on me, and declare  
My new-coyn'd *faults*, with their pretended *care*  
And to advance their *plots*, they first infer  
I am a *Tyrant*, and a *Murderer*,  
Nay, and a *Traytor* too ; if so it be  
That I'm a *Tyrant*, where's my *Tyranny* ?  
Or if a *Murderer* ; I here require (fire  
To know whose bloud it was that quench'd my  
Suppose (but Heav'n forbid) it should be true,  
It was against my *God* I sinn'd, not you.  
Oh what an *Age* is this, where seeming *Reason*  
Pretends to make me *Traytor*, without *Treason*  
Death ;

Death; come, and welcome, to my *heart*, I know  
That my *Redeemer* lives, and that I owe

A debt to *Nature*, which cannot be pay'd  
Till these condemned *corps* of mine are lay'd;

Now grief be gon, and let my *comforts* take  
Possession of my *soul*, awake, awake  
My slumbring *senses*, I'll triumph and sing,  
For I have found, that Death hath lost her sting;  
My *soul* informes me, that I must lay downe  
This *Mortall* for a true *immortall* Crowne.

I'm ravish'd with *delight*, me thinks I have  
A *Heav'n* within my bosome, to inflave  
The *Hell* of torments; grief must stand aloof,  
Not daring to approach within my roof;  
The pleasures of this *world* doe seem to run,  
And fly (like mists) before the morning *Sun*,  
They're all but transitory; and can lay

No claime to perpetuity, to day  
They seem like *messengers* of Joy; to morrow  
They prove sad *Heraulds*, & proclaime a sorrow.

As for the Joves of *heav'n*, they farre surmount  
My souls *arithmetick*, I cannot count

Those numerous *delights*, which alwayes be  
Attendants to the *souls* eternity:



Thou great *Redeemer*, to whose sacred power  
 I now addresse my selfe, my long'd for *home*  
 Is almost come, there's but a little blase  
 Remaines behind, and yet methinks my dayes  
 Seem tedious to my *soule* ; I long to throw  
 This *burden* downe, that presses me below.  
 But since thy pleasure must be done, not mine,  
 Call when thou pleasest ; for my *soul* is thine ;  
 I'll not resist thy *hand*, but kisse thy *rod*,  
 I am thy *Creature*, thou my gracious *God* :

Come my indulgent *Joyes*, and let my breath  
 Inhabit in your *eares* before my death.  
 Thou *Consort* of my heart, why dost thou wast  
 Those pearly *drops* ? why doe they make such hast  
 To leave the sweet possessions of thy *eyes* ?  
 What ? wilt thou make a watry *Sacrifice* ?  
 Oh do not weep, *Heav'n* is not pleas'd to see  
 Those gliding *streames*, which trickle down for  
 My tender *Babes*, oh why do you stand by (me)  
 And imitate your *Mothers* stormy eye ?  
 Restraine those tears ; for every drop you shed  
 Falls on my moyst'ned *heart*, and there hath bred  
 A brim-fill'd *fountaine*, which at last will dround  
 My *heart*, and give your *selves* the greatest wound.

Let

Let not, oh let not, your sad *eyes* expresse  
So great a *sorrow*, for my happinesse ;  
Cheer up; cheer up deare *souls*, & learne to keep  
Those tears, or weep, to see your *Mother* weep.  
Weep not for me, I'm going to receive  
A lasting *Crowne*, oh leave (for heav'ns sake) leave  
Those heart-infringing *groans*, why doe ye vex  
My *Heav'n*-desiring *soul*, and thus perplex  
Your pensive *hearts* ? forbear, and be appeas'd,  
Be not *displeased*, with what *Heav'n* is *pleas'd* ;  
Oh how can ye expect that hee'l fulfill  
Your large *desires*, if thus you thwart his will ?  
Come smile upon me, and that smile will give  
My *heart* a great incouragement to live,  
Death's but a speedy passage from this *life* ,  
Unto a better, and concludes all strife  
Between this World and us, whilst here we draw  
Corrupted *aire* we're subject to the *law*  
Of grief and *care*, which daily circumvents  
Discordious *hearts* with griping discontents.  
Be not dejected at my *death*, but rather  
Rejoyce, to think that *heav'n* will be your *father*,  
Comfort your woefull *mother*, that hath been  
A carefull *Parent*, and my loyall *Queen* ;

Give her that full *Obedience* which is due,  
 And *Heav'n* will be affectionate to you.  
 Oh let the feare of *God* be alwaies plac'd  
 Before your eyes ; Let *virtue* be imbrac'd ;  
 What ere ye doe, be carefull to reserve  
 A spotlesse *minde*, which will at last preserve  
 Your heav'n-bred *souls*, let not your *furies* rage  
 Into *revenge*, but labour to assuage  
 The flames of *anger*, let them not aspire  
 Beyond your reach ; *Passion's* the worst of fire :  
 Be not too much addicted to the hate  
 Of *any*, but be wisely *moderate*,  
 And when your *hands* begin to undertake  
 A consequentiall worke be sure t' awake,  
 Your slumb'ring *reasons*, labour to advise  
 With *heav'n*, and he will crowne your *enterprise*  
 With full successe ; and if your *foes* should chance  
 To gaine the day, permit your thoughts to glance  
 Upon your private *Crimes*, and learne to know  
 Th' effect can never absolutely show  
 The justnesse of a *cause*, for oftentimes  
 Just *Heav'n* is pleas'd to punish private *Crimes*  
 With publique *means* ; God knows my *cause* was  
 And yet he lay'd my *Armies* in the dust : (just,  
 Shall



Shall I repine because I dayly see  
My foes prevaile, and triumph over me?  
No, no I will not, they shall *live* to *dye*,  
When I shall *dye*, to *live* and glorifie  
The *Generall* of Heav'n, within whose *Tent*  
I hope to rest, where *Time* will ne're be spent.  
But now, ah now, these *lipps* must bid *farewell*,  
Methinks I heare (Deaths Orator) the *Bell*,  
Plead for an *issue*, and I must not stay,  
*Death* comes in haste, and I must post away:

Come then my tender *Babes*, & dearest *Sponse*  
(Thou that wert alwayes constant to thy *vows*)  
And let those short-liv'd *armes* of mine inclose  
You all together, e're I doe repose  
My earth-defatigated *limbs*: forbear  
To drench my *farewell* in so large a *teare*;  
My deare *Relations*, if my wasting *glasse*  
Afford no *sand*, I must be gone; Alas  
Teares cannot hold my *soul*; and who may have  
More priviledge to *take*, then he that *gave*?  
My *Journey's* almost ended, and I must  
Take up an *Inn*, and lodge my self in *dust*.  
Then shine upon me with the beams of *mirth*,  
That I may say, I saw a *heav'n* on *earth*,

A pleasing *smile*, or *two*, will make me know  
 No paine in *death*, but if in *teares* you flow,  
 Oh then——

——But know, my *dearest*, Heav'n will be  
 A fitter *husband* for thee far than *me*.  
 Thou need'st not fear thy *foes* contriving *harmes*,  
 They cannot keep thee from his folding *armes*,  
 As they have done from *mine*; oh may wee meet,  
 I dare not say, within a *winding-sheet*;  
 For I am sure those weeping *Babes* will misse  
 Th'unwelcome *absence* of so great a *blisse*,  
 But when thy *husband*, heav'n shall please to bring  
 Thy *soul* into his *Quire*, oh then wee'l sing  
 Prolonged *Anthems*, where we shall combine  
 Our *souls* together, in a place *divine*; (hand  
 Till then——oh why, why does thy trembling  
 Freeze within *mine*? Ah me, why dost thou stand  
 And gaze upon me? are thy *veins* afray'd  
 To entertaine thy *blood*? has *grief* betray'd  
 Thy fainting heart to *death*? wilt thou precede  
 My resolutions? give me leave to lead  
 The way to *heav'n*; Alas, and wilt thou die  
 Because I cannot *live*? cast back thine *eye*

Upon

Upon thy Royall *Issue*, doe but see  
How fast their *sighes* doe saile in *tears* to thee,  
Oh let the sight of them revive thy *heart*,  
Cheer up, and give me courage to depart ;  
For they that dye because another dyes,  
Usurpe a Death, and make themselves a prize ;  
Doe not, oh doe not, thus torment thy *soul*  
For my *departure*, if you must condole,  
Condole my *stay*, my *soule* desires to be  
Disolv'd (Indulgent God) and rest with thee ;  
A bed of *Roses* ; that's a fading *sweet*,  
Oh there's no comfort to a winding *sheet*.  
A *Grave*'s the best of *Pallaces*; for there  
Is neither whining *grief* nor pining *care* :  
Why should we scorne this *earth* that entertains  
Our wearied *bones*, and hides us from our *paines* ?  
*Earth* is a place of *worth*, yet would I have  
Not any dote upon't but for a *grave* :  
Now *death*; march bravely on, and let thy *dart*  
Sing as it flies unto my obvious *heart*.  
What ? art thou daunted ? dost thou feare to kill  
Because I am a *King* ; what ? daunted still ?  
Why dost thou look so *pale* ? what, art thou  
By *Majesty* ? or has thy *self* disarm'd (charm'd  
Thy



Thy *self*, or else art thou asham'd to doe  
 So foul a *deed*, or wilt thou not imbrew  
 Thy *shaft* in Royall *blood* ? Come, lay aside  
 Thy *feare*, and *shoot*, or else my *foes* will *chide* :  
 But hold a while (nor doe I bid thee stay,  
 Because my *soul's* desirous of delay )  
 Once more thou sole *Commandresse* of my *breſt*,  
 Draw neere, before I fall into my *reſt*,  
 Approach unto me, let these *lipps* of mine  
 Intaile a *farewell* on those *cheeks* of thine,  
 Weep not, but let thy tender *knees* salute  
 The *ground* with *mine* ; let's labour to confute  
 Our *sorrows* with our *prayers*, and recommend  
 Our *souls* to *heav'n* , whose *glory* knows no *end* ;  
 Thou *great*, thou *glorious*, thou all-ruling *King*,  
 Thou *Rocke*, thou *fountaine*, thou eternall *spring*  
 Of *Grace* ; we that are cloathed with the *night*  
 Of *ſin*, present our *ſelves* into thy *ſight*,  
 And with unfained *hearts* devoutly pray  
 That thou wouldſt ſend thy *Son* to chaſe away  
 Our ſoul-abſconding *clouds*, that thou mayſt take  
 A pleaſure to behold us, for his ſake  
 We beg this needfull grace, in whom we know  
 Thou art well pleaſed, and to whom we owe

A debt unpayable, oh therefore let  
Thy satisfying *mercy* pay our *debt* ; (tune  
Oh hear our *prayers*, which strongly doe impor-  
Thy gracious *pardon*, though it was our fortune  
To be unfortunate, yet let us be  
Indulgent *Father*, fortunate with *thee*,  
Forgive our youthfull *sins*, and speak some *peace*  
Unto our *souls*, and as our *sins* encrease,  
So let thy *mercy*, more, and more abound,  
That having *lost* our *sins*, thou may'st be found ;  
Heal our *back-slidings*, guide us in thy way,  
That so our feet may never goe astray ;  
Oh *blesse* these  *blessings*, which thy blessed *hand*  
Bestow'd upon me, let them fil the Land  
With good *examples*, guard them from their *foes*  
And send them *patience*, when thou send'st them  
Hear *me* for *them*, oh God, & *them* for *me* (*wocs.*  
And hear our *Saviour* for us *all*, and be  
A *Father*, and a *Husband* to them *all*,  
And let me rise in *mercy* when I *fall* :  
Strengthen their *soules*, and teach them to renew  
Their *patience*, when my *soul* shall bid adue  
To this infatuated *world*, oh let  
Their *hearts* seclude all *grief*, for 'tis a debt

That

That must be pay'd, let thy *exchequer* take  
Such ill-coyn'd *treasure*, as my *soul* can make  
Oh grant ( deare Father ) this my great *request*,  
Then take me when thou pleasest to thy *rest* :  
So, now my *joyes*, be cheerfull, let's create  
A heav'nly *mirth*, and let our *sorrows* waite  
Upon our *pleasures*, let our watchfull *eyes*  
Observe our *Makers* great *immunities*.  
Let's first observe how his free *hand* provided  
For us, before we were, how he divided  
The *water* from the *land*, and made it drie  
To entertaine our *feet* ; and made the *skie*  
To give us *light* ; and afterwards he made  
Poore helplesse *Man*, that suddenly betray'd  
Himselfe to *ruine*, and by deviation,  
Abus'd the *glory* of his free *Creation* :  
But see the bounty of our *God* above,  
Who quickly turn'd his *fury* into *love*,  
And sent a speedy *balsame* to make sound  
The deadly *anguish* of so deep a *wound* :  
And shall we be *ungratefull* ? shall we not  
Remember *him*, that never yet forgot  
To pity *us* ? and shall we waste our *dayes*  
In vaine *contentions*, and not give him *praise*



That gave us his owne Son ? whose willing *breast*  
Redeem'd our *soules* from everlasting death.

Alas ! how miserable had we been,  
Had his spontaneous death not stept between  
*Veng'ance*, and us ? and shall we then deny  
What he *requires*, if he command that I  
Retire unto him, shall my *soule* refuse  
To run unto him, and imbrace the *newes* ?  
Oh no ! it must not, he's accurst that shall  
Desire to *stay*, if *heav'n* be pleas'd to call,  
Death has no *ears* to heare *complaints*, 'tis vaine  
To weep for *that* which *teares* cannot regaine.

You my sad *Standers* by, when *Death* shall send  
A *Message* to my heart, forbear to spend  
Offensive *teares*, but rather joy that I  
Am gone before you to *Eternity*,  
Where now methinks I see you *all*, and heare  
The lofty *Seraphims* salute my eare  
With *heav'n-bred raptures*, which does even woe  
My *soule* out of my *ears*, I long to goe  
And fill my selfe with *melody*, and sing  
Perpetuall *Halelujahs* to my King :  
So, now my waiting *lampe* begins to blaze,  
Come *Death* and put a period to my *dayes*,

Let out my *life*, that *I* may flie unto  
My *God*, and bid this loathed *world* adue :  
Adue vaine *pleasures* of unconstant *earth*,  
Adue false *joyes*, and world-derived *mirth* :  
My deare *Relations*, *I* must now expresse  
A farewell to you *all*, and then adresse  
My *selfe* to *Heav'n*, within whose *Court* *I* shall  
(My *soule* now tells me) shortly meet you *all*.  
Till then enjoy what *heav'n* shall please to give,  
And rather study how to *die*, then *live* ;  
Make use of *time*, and lavish not in vaine  
Those *houres* which cannot be recall'd againe,  
Comfort each other, and if *fortune* frowne,  
Smile you at *fortune*, lay your *sorrowes* downe  
Before the face of *Heav'n*, and he'l relieve  
Your pining *wants* ; oh ! 'et your hearts not grieve  
For *food*, and *rayment*, labour to be true,  
And he that *feeds* the *Ravens*, will feed you ;  
Oh ! let your morning *thoughts* be sure to mount  
To *heav'ns* high *Altar*, give him an account  
Of all your *Actions*, they which every day  
Make their accounts to *God*, prepare a way  
To goe to *Heav'n* ; But *time* will give me leave  
T'expresse no more, my *soule* begins to cleave

Unto a blest *eternity*, my heart  
Declares unto *me*, that I must depart ;  
*Time* whets his sicke : oh ! doe not ring my *Knell*,  
*Wish sighs and sobs*, farewell my *joyes*, farewell :

So, now the *Load-stone* of this world shall have  
No art t'attract my *soule*, I'll not enslave  
My selfe to *earth*, shall transitory *toyes*  
Surrept my *soule* from heavens eternall *joyes* &  
Oh no ! they shall not ; now I'll dedicate  
My selfe to thee (my God) who didst create  
Both *soul & body* ; thou that knowst the thoughts  
And *hearts* of *Kings*, and numerates their *faults*,  
Pardon what I have done amisse to thee,  
Forgive my *Enemies* ; thou know'st I'm free  
From what I *suffer* for ; thou know'st my *hands*  
Are *cleare* from *bloud*, thou know'st that my *com-*  
Were *not tyrannical*, thou knowst my brest (*mands*  
Was never stain'd with *Treason* ; My request  
Oh God ! is this, That thou would'st make them  
And *timely feel* what a most *wilfull blow* (know  
Th'ave given to their Consciences ; oh turne  
Their flaming hearts to thee, which daily burne  
Against thy Servants, cause them to relent,  
And let their griefs induce them to repent ;



Be mercifull to them, as they were cruell  
 To me, and mine, oh quench the blazing fewell  
 Of their desires ! give them not their deserts,  
 But *wash my blond* from their unfountain'd hearts;  
 And as for me, presented to thy eyes  
 Suppos'd (as an attoning Sacrifice)  
 By *them* whose *seav'n years* malice have contriv'd  
 My downfall ; when my *body* is dis-liv'd  
 Receive my *soule* into thy glorious Tent,  
 And make't a *member* of thy Parliament ;  
 Now farewell world, & dirt-compos'd Crowns,  
 Farewell earths smiles, & fortunes surly frowns.

*Farewell to you that thus my life expell,*

*Oh may my farewell, make you all farewell.*

Reader, the sound of *death* hath made me start  
 Out of my *slumbers*, and my wak'ned heart  
 Trembles within me ; oh ! what shall we doe ?

Oh may I never *dreame*, to *dreame* thus true !

But since 'tis so, (kind Reader) let thy eye

Survey the pathes of his sad *Elegie*,

Lavish not out your *teares* too fast, but keep

A strong reserve, your eyes must bleed, or weep.

*Till then adieu, and when I meet thee there,*

*Reader, assure thy self, I'le spend a teare.*

~~THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE~~

A N

# E L E G Y

U P O N

*That never to be forgotten*

## C H A R L E S,

T H E F I R S T;

*Late (but too soon Martyr'd) King of England,  
Scotland, France, and Ireland.*

*Who with unmoved Constancy, lay'd down  
His Life, to exchange it, for a Heav'nly Crown.*

*Jan. 30. 1648.*

**W**hat! doe I dreame? or does my  
*fancy scatter*  
Into my various *minde* a reall  
matter?

What ayls my *thoughts*? what uncorrected *passion*

Is this, that puts my *senses* out of fashion?

Where am I hurried? what languinous *place*

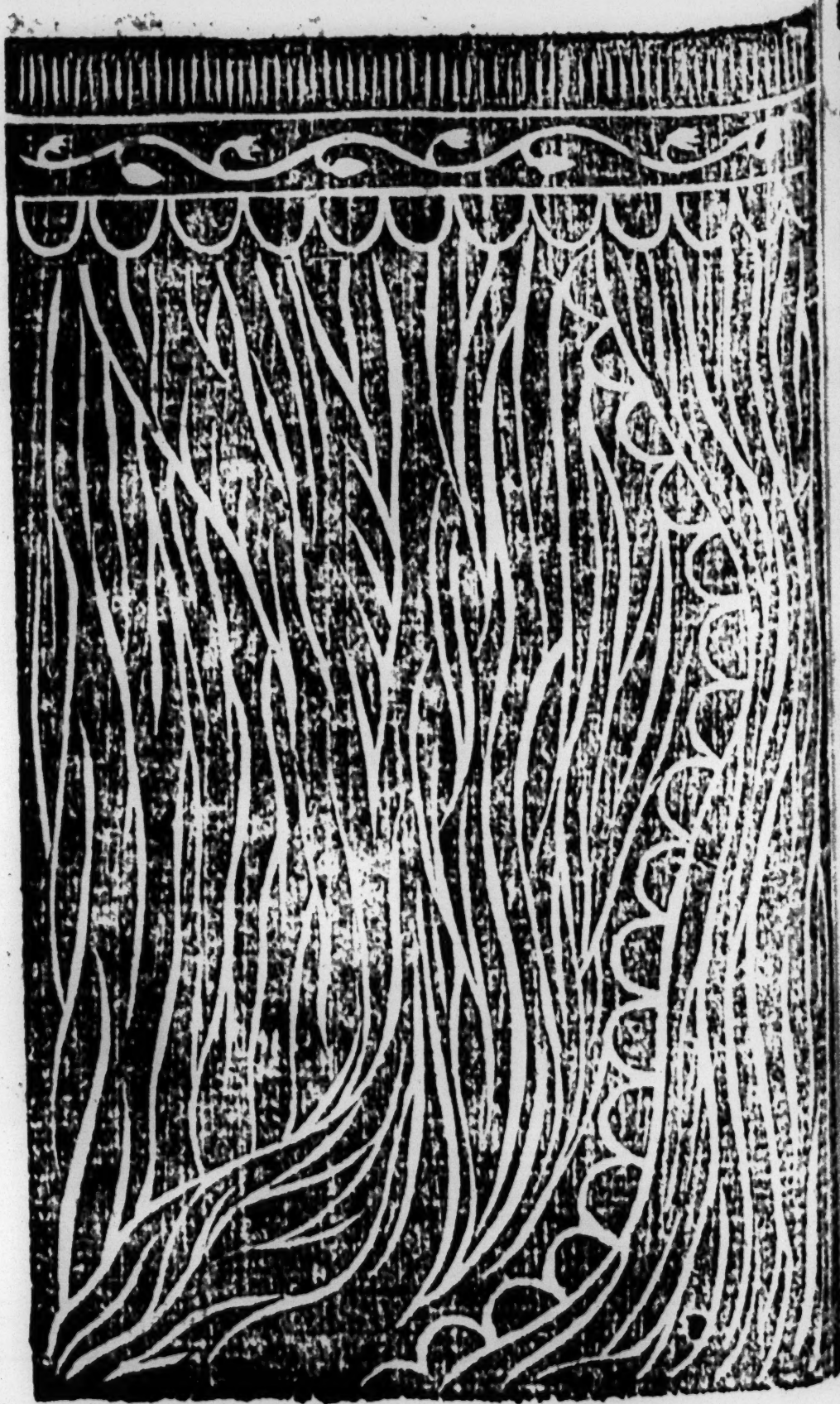
Is this I breathe in, garnish'd with *disgrace*?

Why, what's the reason that my eyes behold

These waves of *blood*? does the red *sea* in fold

D

My



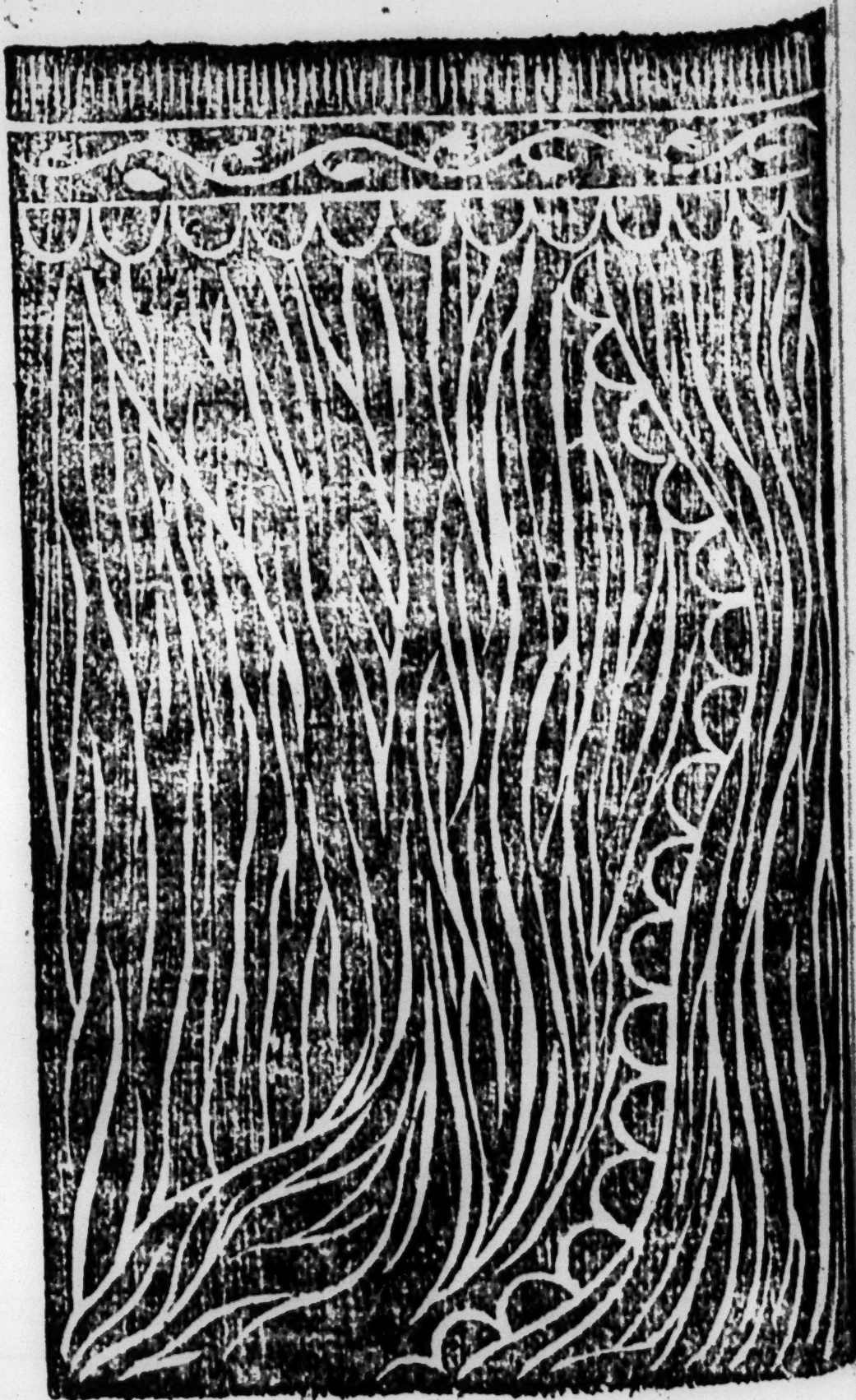
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An Elegy.

41

My shivering *body* ? oh what stormy weather  
Was that, which violently tost me hither ?  
Where am I now ? what rubicundious *light*  
Is this, that bloudies my amazed sight ?  
What *Reformation's* this that's newly bred,  
And turns my *white* into so deep a *red* ?  
Awake my *farcy*, come, de'ude no more,  
Stay, are my *feet* upon the *Engliſh* shore ?  
Sore not ; these are uſurping thoughts that rain  
Within the Kingdom of a troubled brain :  
If this be *England*, oh what alteration  
Is lately bred within so bleſt a *Nation* ?  
My Soul is now assured ; for I ſee  
Those lofty Structures, where mild Majesty  
Did once recide ; abounding with a *ſoud* (*blond*,  
That ſwels (& almost moats them round) with  
*England*, ſad object, that wer't lately crown'd  
With a moſt glorious *prince* ; how art thou drown'd  
In Royal *blood* ? was not thy *maſter veine*  
Open'd of late ? ah, who can ſtop't again ?  
Look round about thee, and thou ſhalt diſcry  
How every *face* imports an *Elegy*.  
Review thy ſelf, ſee how thou art ingrain'd  
With guiltleſs *blood* ? was ever *Land* ſo ſtain'd ?

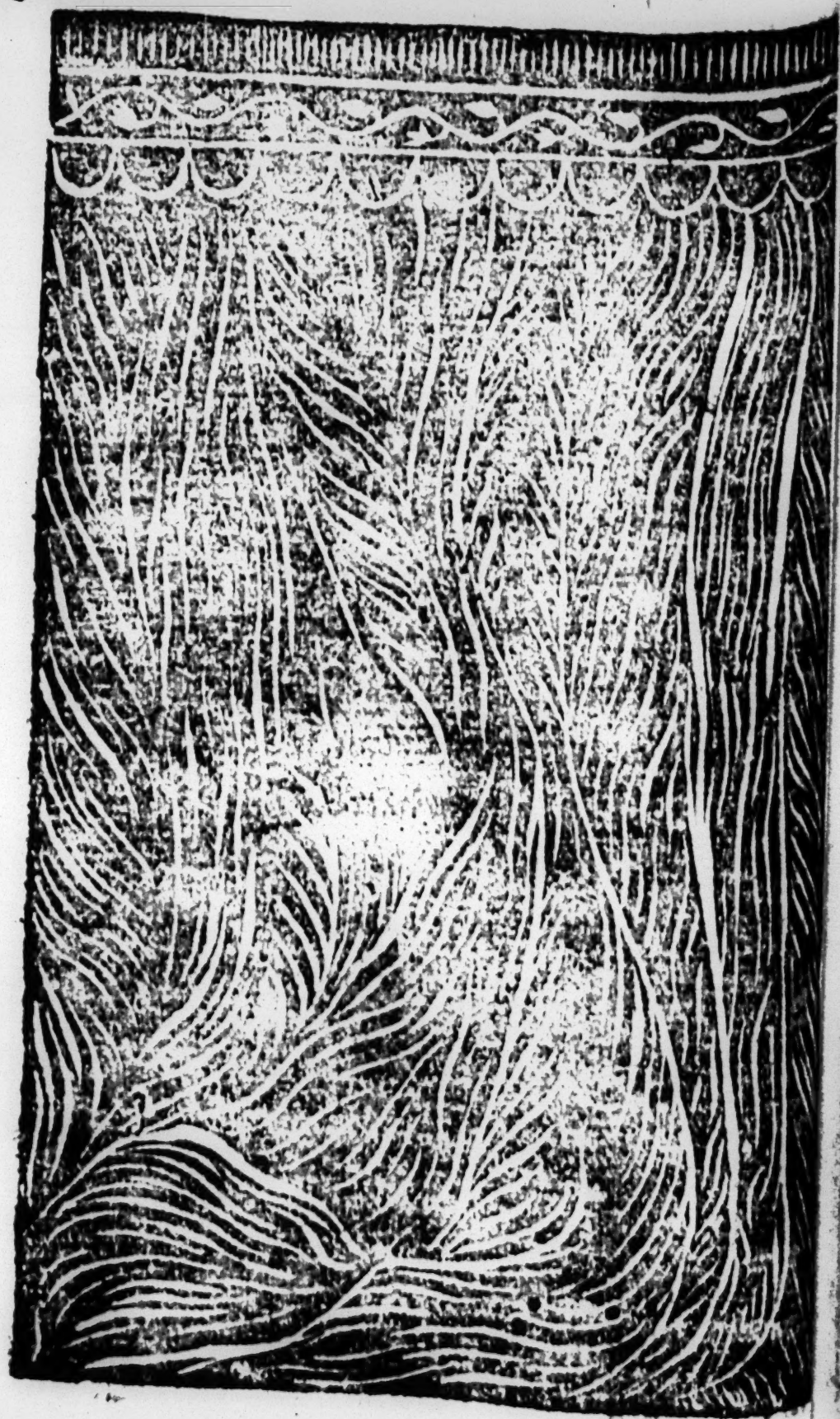




Needs must your hearts expect a cloudy night  
Now Sol is set, and Cynthia wants her light :  
And do'st thou think, O England, to immure  
Thy self in blood, and alwayes rest secure ?  
Oh no, assure thy self, there is a hand  
That rules above, which will correct thy land :  
Be well advis'd, oh Nation ; learn to know  
That language cannot ebb, when bloud shall flow.  
All hearts, all eyes, all hands, all tongues, all Quills,  
Will think, will weep, will write, & speak their wills.  
I'll not invoke ; this Subject will invite  
Th'obdurest hearts, and teach that Pen to write  
Which never fram'd a Letter, and infuse  
The seed of Life, into a barren Muse :  
Thou Great Instructor, teach me to distill  
An Eagles Vertues, with an Eagles Quill :  
Rais'd by a fall, my Muse begins to sing  
The melancholly farewels of a King.

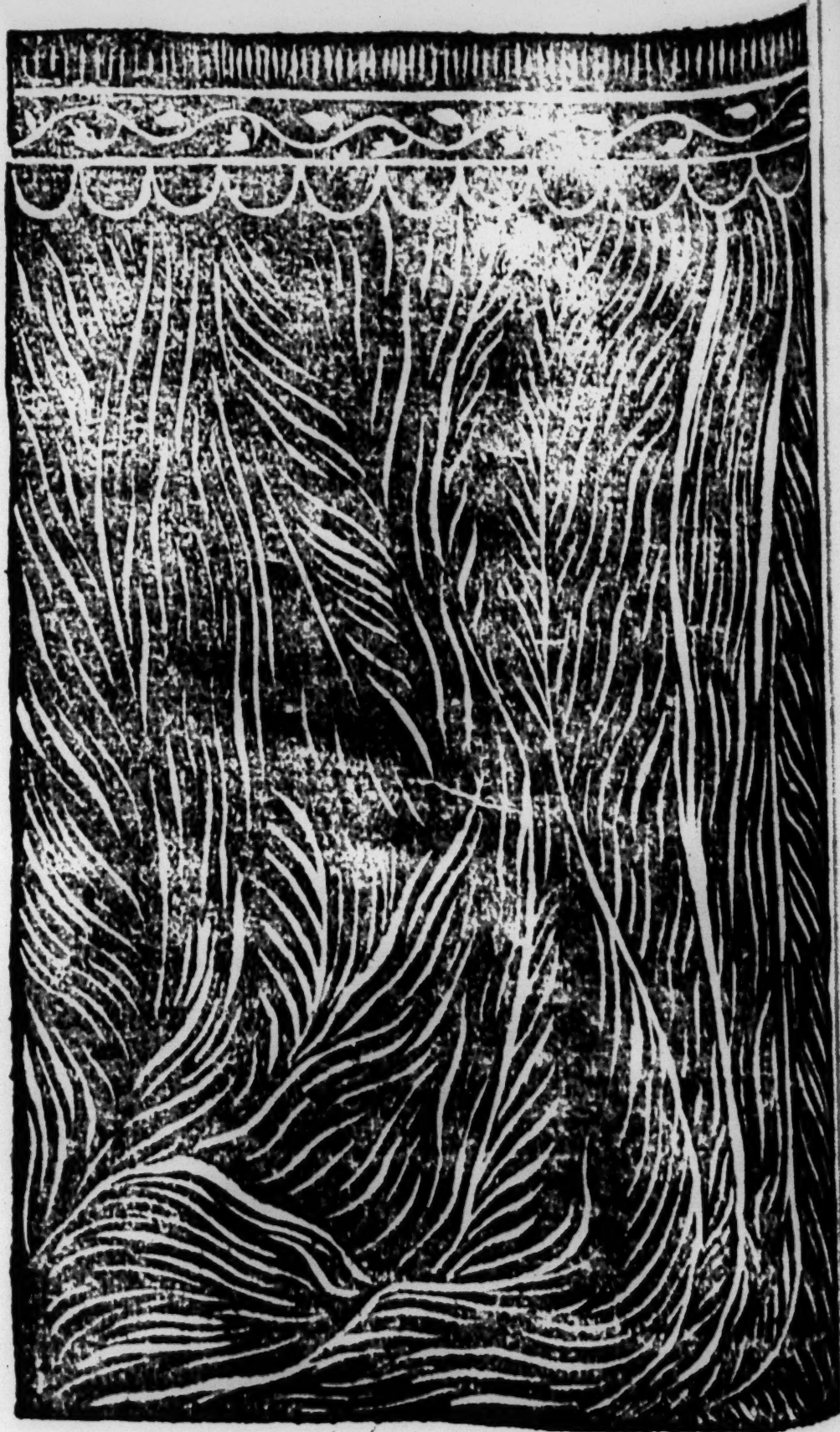
And is he gone ! did not the dolesul Bells  
Desolve, when as they told his sad Farewels ?  
If he be gone, what language can there be  
Remaining in this land, except, Ah me ?  
Ah me, Ah lasse, how is this realme unblest  
In such a losse ?—— I cannot speak the rest :





My heart is full of arrows shott, of late  
From the stiffe Bowe of a commanding State  
Each wound is mortal; yet in sp'ight of pain,  
Ile pull them out, and shoot them back again :  
And when my tongue shall empty out my heart,  
Let death surprize me with a single dart.  
Ile strive t'out face Rebellion, and my eyes  
Shall scorn all new invented Tyrannies :  
Sorrow will not be tongue-tyd, tydes must run  
Their usual courses, till their strength is done.  
I have a stream of grief within my brest,  
That tumbles up, and down, and cannot rest;  
I am resolv'd (let death diswade) to speak  
What Reason dictates, or my heart must break.  
Ile mount the stage, let standers by behold  
My actions, for my sorrows must be bold :  
I fear not those, whose powers may controul  
The language of my tongue, but not my Soul ;  
Advance dejected souls, hear reason call,  
Let not the truth be passive, though we fall.  
Blush not to owne those teares, which you have  
In private, for a Publick discontent ; (spent  
Let not your tongues be Pris'ners to your lippes  
When Justice calls, oh let not fear eclipse

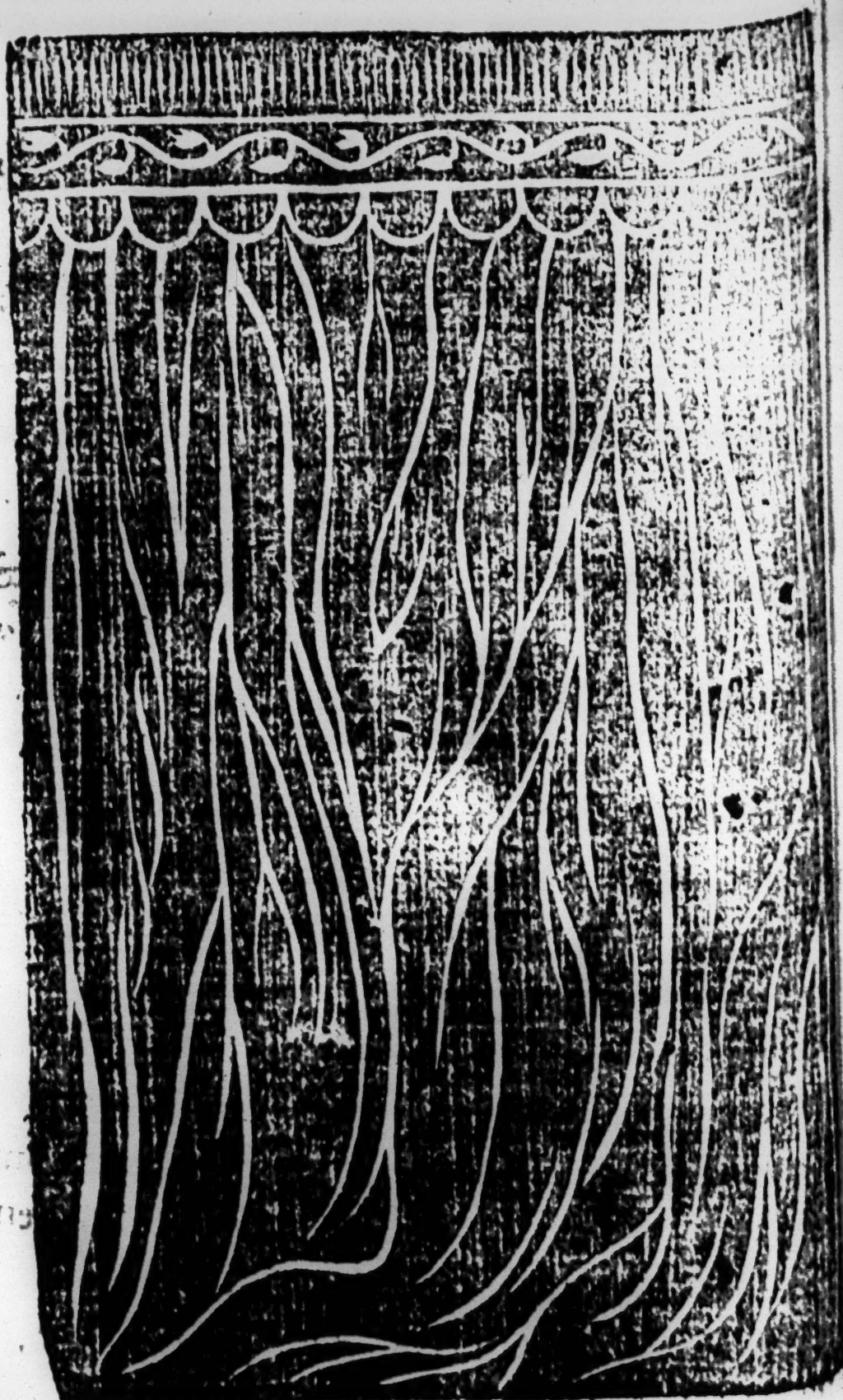






The light of *truth*, rouse up your selves, draw neer  
When *Justice* finds a tongue, find you an ear.  
The day's expir'd, bright *Sol* hath drawn his head  
Within the Curtaines of his *Tetbean* bed:  
Where shall we hide our slumbring souls, and lay  
Our wearied limbs, till he renews the day?  
A day! Alasse, have not our wretched eyes  
Seen a great fall? can we expect a rise?  
Should *Heav'n* (who justly may) command his  
T'expel his light, as we have lately ours, (powers  
What should we do? where should we find a *Sun*  
That have by too much doing quite undone  
Our wilful selves? by snuffing out that light  
Which he inspir'd, to guard us from the night  
Of sad confusion; Ah, how could we spoyl  
So pure a lampe, and so usurpe that oyle  
Which was ordain'd to nourish us? We run  
To light a *Candle*, and put out the *Sun*;  
In vain we waste our times, and range about  
To look for new lights, now the old Light's out:  
We seek, & we may find, but *heav'n* knows when,  
Old lights were made by *God*, and New by men.  
Shake Eng'and, for thy *Grand Vpholder's* down,  
Thy feet have lately spurn'd against thy *Crown*.

Thy

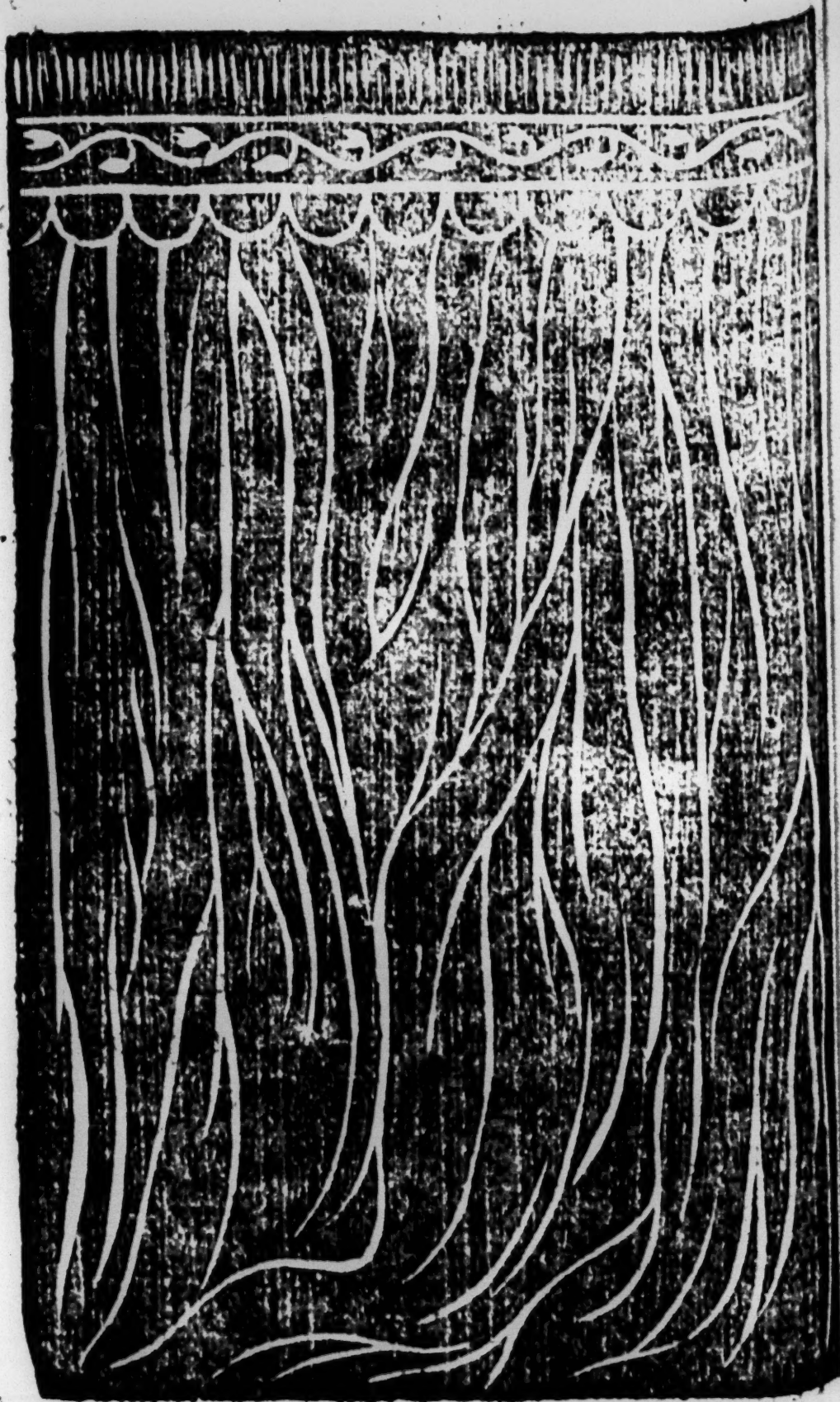




Thy hands are daub'd with blood, one ruine calls  
An other to the others funerals ;  
Destruction thunders, and the earth is fill'd  
With doleful echoes ; bloud that hath been spill'd  
By unjust hands (like Seas) begin to roare  
As if 'twould take revenge upon the shore :  
The whistling woods, and their subjected Springs  
Sends forth Elegious blasts, each corner rings  
With unaccustom'd sounds ; All things express  
(By their prognosticating looks) unhappiness :  
Deploing Philomel does now repeat  
Contristed notes, upon her Thorny seat ;  
She has forgot those sweet nocturnal notes  
Which lately charm'd all sorrow, now she dotes  
Upon her woeful, her prolixed tones,  
And finds no sweetness in her bitter groanes :  
The Commons of the aire conspire to throw  
Their Sovereign down, and will not fly so low  
As formerly ; but are resolv'd to be  
Oppugnant to the Eagles Majesty.  
How pregnant is Rebellion every where,  
Not only here on earth, but in the aire ?  
Can thunder roare, and not the lofty sound  
Be heard ? can Cedars fall unto the ground,

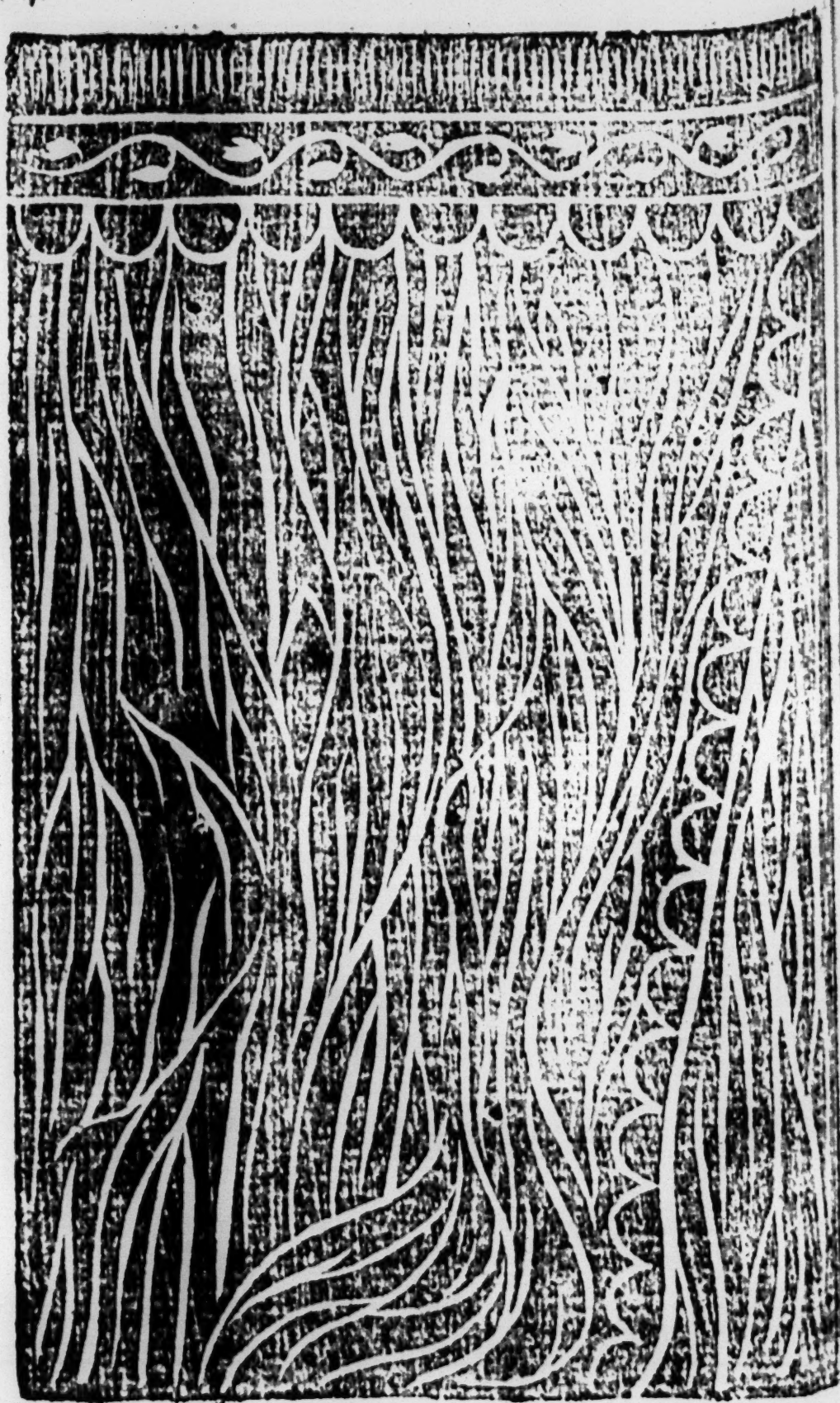
And





And not be seen? can *Mountaines* shrink away  
And not observ'd? or can there be a *day*  
Without a *Sun*? or can there be a *night*  
Without some *darknesse*? can there be a *light*  
Put out unwanted? or can *murder* be  
Committed upon sacred *Majestic*,  
And not lamented? sure no humane *heart*  
Can be so *brazen*, as not to impart  
Some *sorrow* to the *world*, for such a *losse*,  
When *gold* is gone, how *uselesse* is the *drosse*?  
Now mournful *Muses*, light your *Torches* all,  
T'attend your *glory* to his *Funeral*;  
Shall your *Mecenas* dye, and you stand still,  
And not appear upon *Parnassus* hill?  
Away, away, invoke *Appolloes* aide,  
Tell him that your *Mecenas* was betray'd  
To an unlawful *death*, and you desire  
To sacrifice a *verse*, and then retire:  
Could I translate my *heart* into a *verse*,  
I'de pinne it with my *soul* upon his *herse*.  
Could I command the *world*, I'de make it burn  
Like a pure *lampe* upon his sacred *Vrue*:  
Could I command all *eyes*, I'de have them make  
(As a memorial for Great *Charl's* sake)



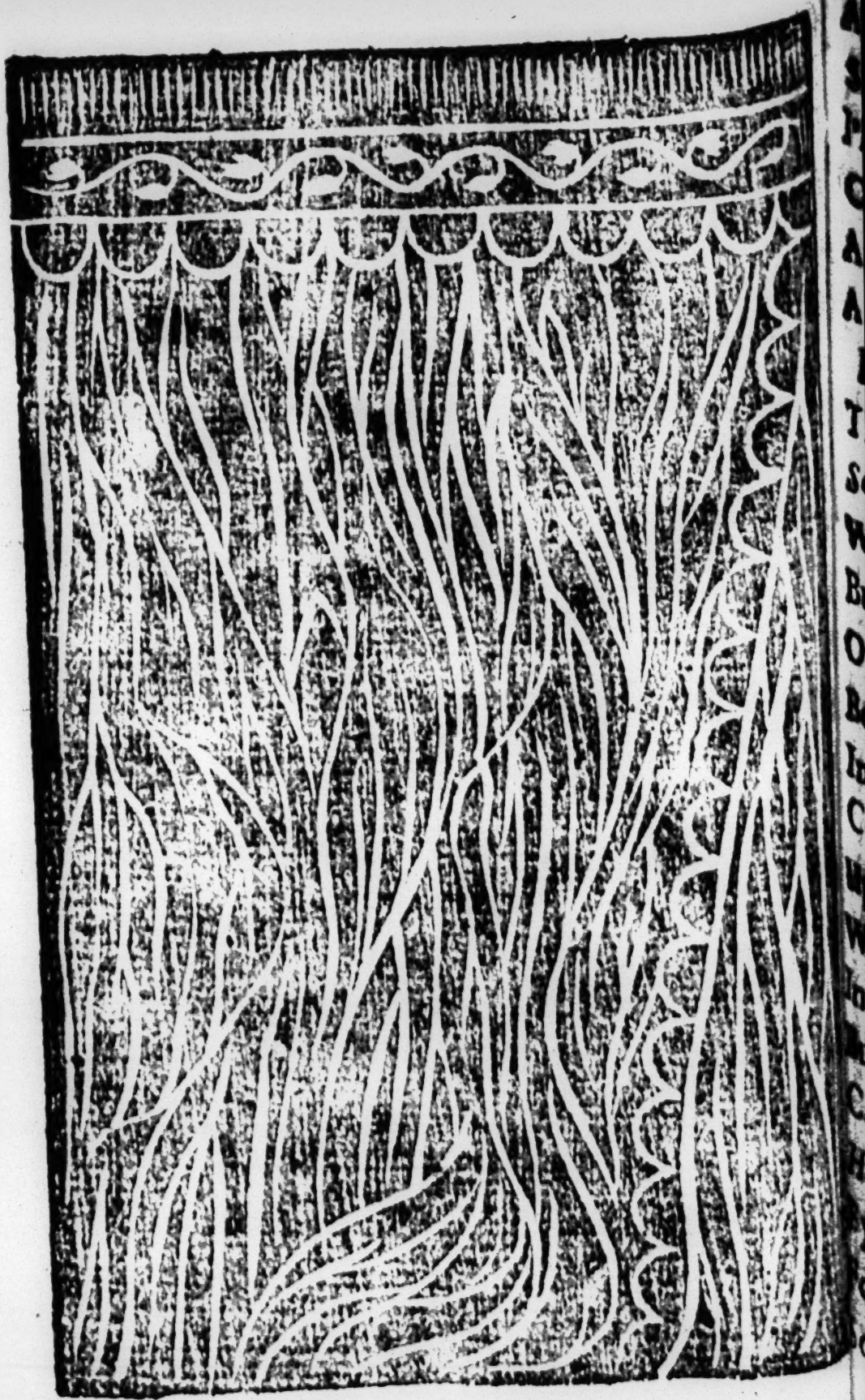




A *sea* of teares, that after *ages* may  
Lament to see, but not lament to say  
He dy'd without a *teare*; and it should be  
Call'd the salt *Sea* of flowing *Loyalty*: (spend  
Could I command all *hearts*, I'de make them  
Some drops of *blood* upon his *tombe*, and send  
Millions of *fishes* to Heav'n, that may express  
His death was *England's* great unhappiness:  
Could I command all *tongues*, I'de make them run  
Devotion on his *praise*, till *time* were done;  
Could I command all *hands*, I'de strike them dead  
Because they should not rise against their *head*.  
Could I command all *feet*, I'de make them go  
And give the *Son* that duty which they owe  
To His deserts——

I'm in a *desart*, and I know not where (fair,  
To guide my steps; that path which seems most  
Proves most pernicious to me, and will lend  
My feet a good *beginning*, but no *end*.  
Great *Charles*, oh happy word, but what's the  
(Bad's th'application of so good a *Text*) (next?  
Is dead; most killing word; what, is he dead?  
Nay more (if more may be) he's murdered:

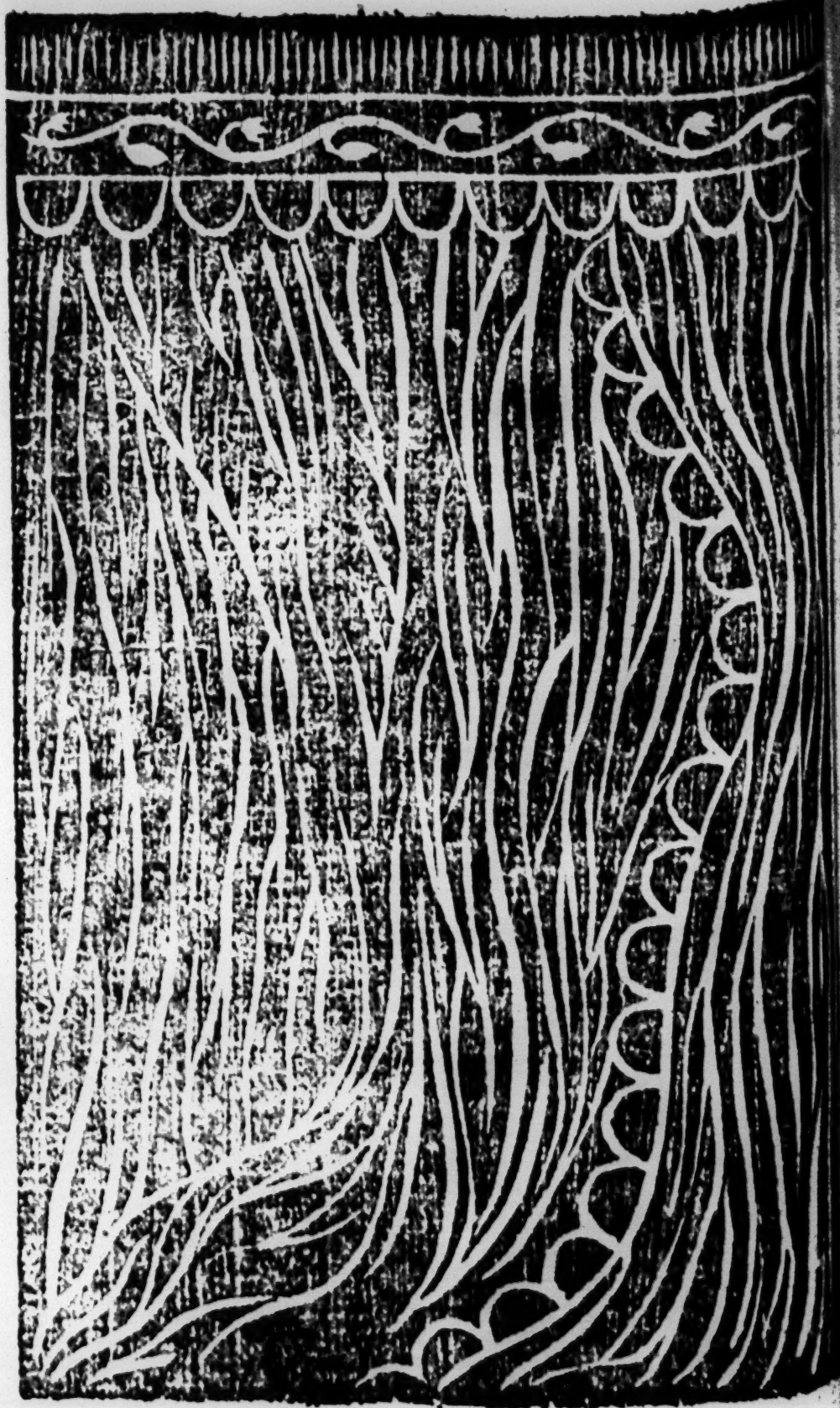
Ah





Ah then my thoughts are murder'd; my sad eyes  
shall never cease to weep his Obsequies:  
I'll turn this *place* into a bubbling *Spring*  
Of briny *teares*; and then I'll freely bring  
A Sacrifice to *sorrow*, which shall be  
A flaming *heart* that's crown'd with *Loyaltie*:  
Now could I spend an age in thoughts & *tyre*  
The night with *sighs*, methinks I could inspire  
*Sorrow* it self, and teach it to proclaim  
What ruine waites upon our new-bred *flame*:  
But 'tis in vain, *perswasions* have no power  
On them, whose *resolutions* can devour  
Both *Law* and *reason*, two most horrid *Crimes*  
In these pernicious, these *Recidious Times*:  
Come then my thoughts, and let us ruminate  
Upon our *sorrows*; oh unhappy *Fate*,  
Why didst thou snuff out *Charles* his royal blaze  
In the *Aurora* of his well-spent dayes?  
But 'tis in vain to blam thee, for thy hand  
Cannot refrain to strik, if *God* command;  
*Hence*'s saw he was too good to be enjoy'd  
By us, but not too good to be destroy'd  
For his own *g'ory*; Let's rejoyce we had  
So good a *King*, but grieve to think how bad

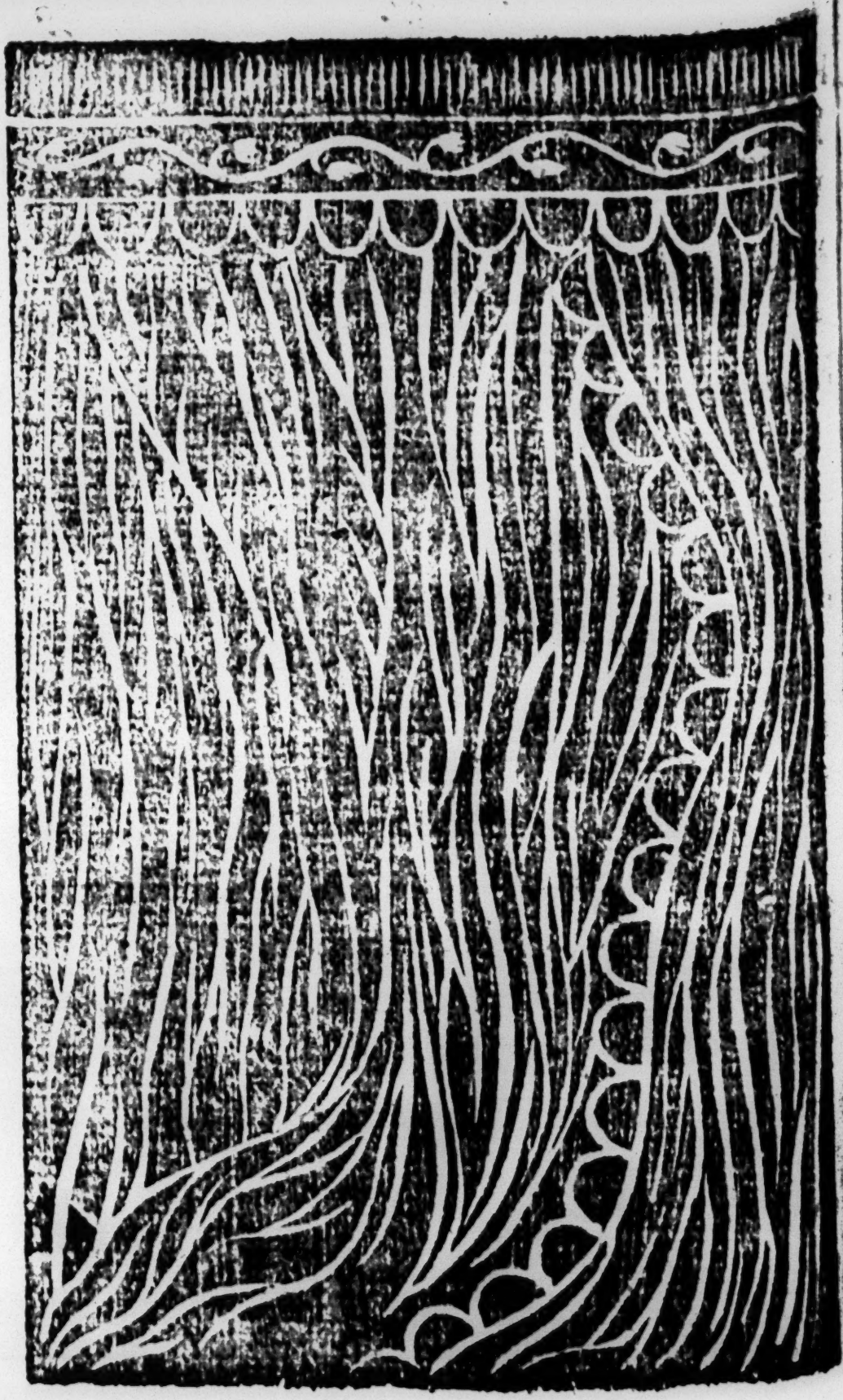




THE HISTORY OF THE  
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LORD OF THE  
MOUNTAINS  
TO THE  
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WORLD

WVe us'd his goodnesse; VVe may just'y say,  
He gave in *mercy*, what he took away  
In *Indgement*; for his own com'mnds appointed  
We shou'd not *touch*, (much more flay) his *anoint*  
And yet we have, (as if our hearts had sworn *(red,*  
To contradict his will) abus'd, and torn  
His own *Vicegerent*, to whose thr'ving hand  
He gave the *Scepter* of a glorious *Lane* :  
But now (unhappy Land) thy glorie's fled,  
Thy *Crown* is fallen, and thy *Charles* is dead ;  
Go then, deplore thy self, whilst others sing  
The living *verses* of thy martyr'd *King* ;  
His glory shall survive with *name*, when they  
Shall lye forgotten in an heap of *Clay*  
That were the *Ankers* of his *death*, their bones  
Shall turn to *ashes*, as their hearts are *stones* :  
But did my *tongue* expresse that they shou'd be  
Forgot ; oh no, their long liv'd *Tyrannie*  
Shall be *perpetual* ; hark, misfortune sings  
The worst of *Tyrants*, kis'd the best of *Kings*.  
He was the best ; what impious *tongue* shal dare  
To contradict my language ? or impair  
His living *worth* ? and they that go about  
To blast his *Fame*, oh may their *tongues* drop out.

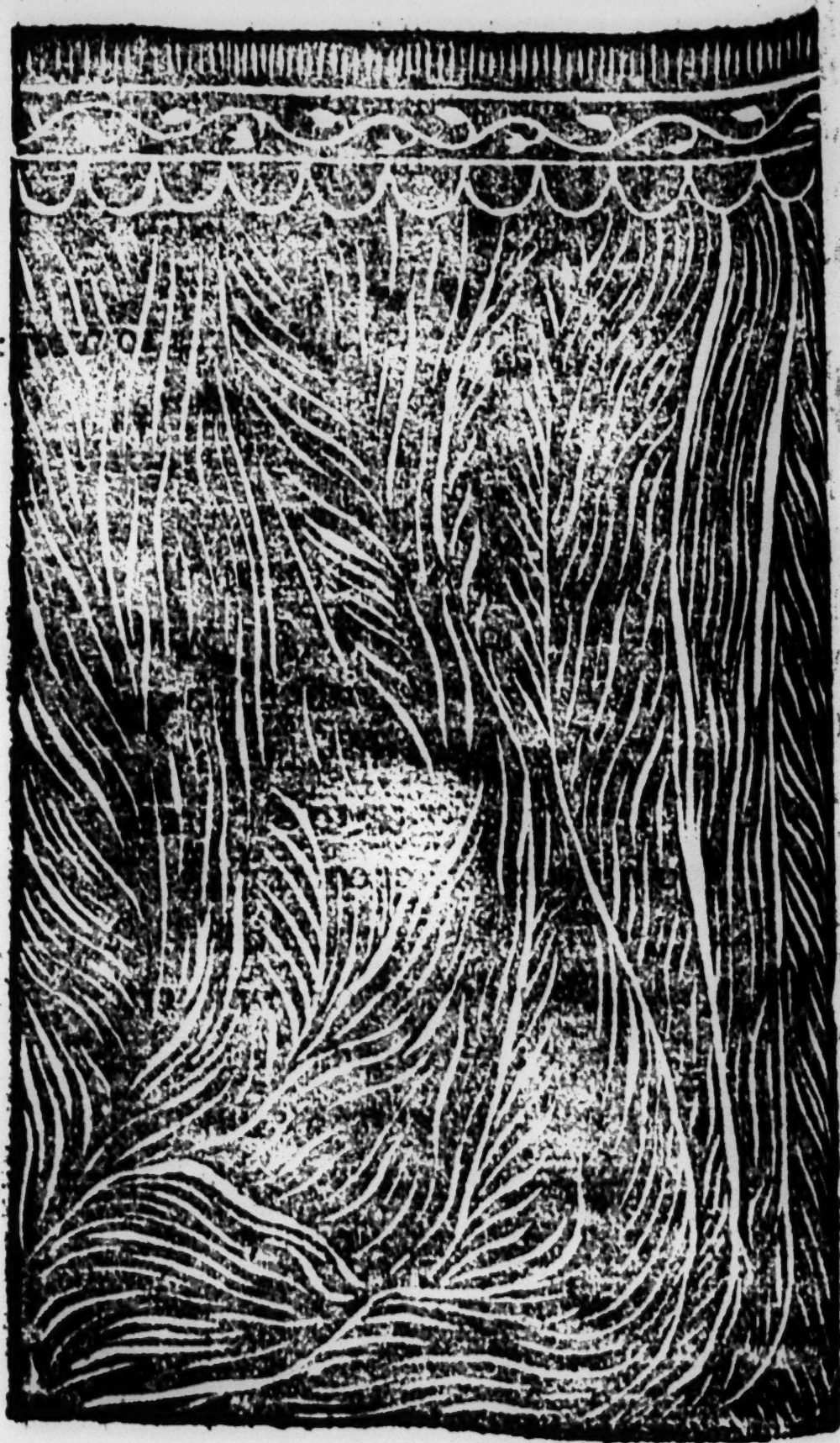




THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION OF ENGLAND



Pardon oh *Heav'n*, if passion make me break  
Into extreams ; who can forbear to speak  
In such a lawful *Cause* ? may we not claim  
A Priviledge to speak in *Charls* his name ?  
Is any *timmerous* ? then let them keep  
Their *language*, and reserve themselves to weep:  
Is any *joyful* ? let them keep their *mirth*  
To please the *Tyrants* of this groaning *earth*.  
Is any *sorry* ? let them keep their *grief*  
Till *heav'n* shall please to send their souls *relief*.  
Did ever *Iland* find so great a *losse* ?  
Was ever *Nation* crown'd with such a *croffe* ?  
Could ever *Kingdom* boast they had a *Prince*  
That could be more *laborious* to convince  
The *errors* of his *times* ? or contradict  
The dictates of his *rage* ? or be more strict  
In his *Devotions* ? ne're did *Prince* inherit  
So rich a *Crown*, with so enrich'd a *spirit*.  
He was the best of *conquerours* ; he made  
Conquests of *hearts*, although he was betray'd  
By some inferiour *spirits*, which he found  
Had lately started from the lowly *ground*,  
And were not worth a *conquest* ; yet he gave  
Them more *respects* then their *deserts* could crave

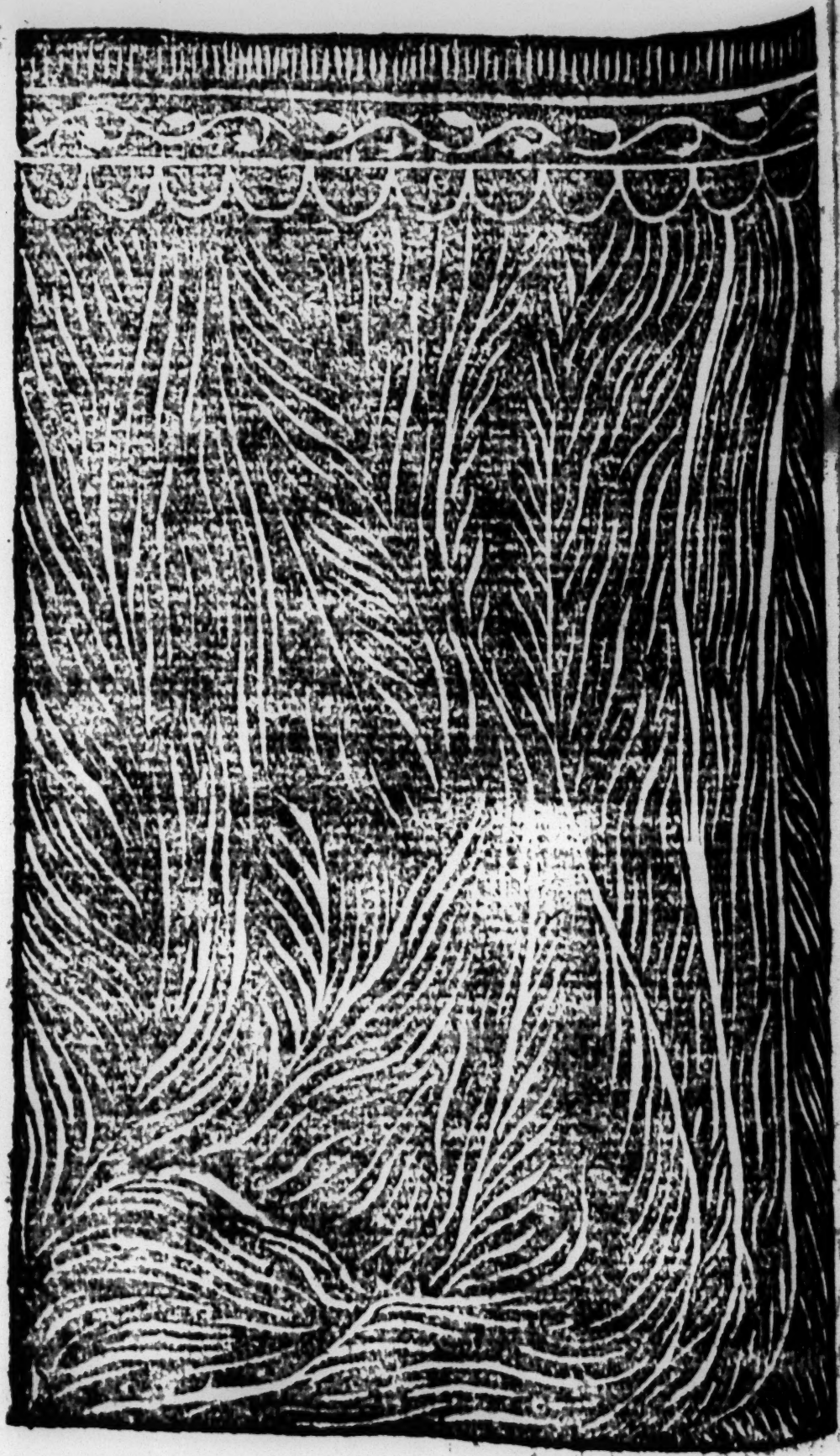


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None could observe during the time he stood  
Before his *Pilates*, that his royal blood  
Mov'd into fury, but his heart was prone  
To hear their *speeches*, and retort his own:  
But when they found his language did increase  
With sense, he was desir'd to hold his peace:  
And some related that their *furie* bred,  
Because his *Hatt* inclos'd his royal head.  
Good God, what times are these, when subjects dare  
Presume to make their *Sovereign* stand bare!  
And when they sent him from their new-made  
Of *Justice*, basely spit upon his face; (place  
But he, whose patience could admit no date,  
Conquer'd their *envies*, and subdu'd their hate.  
Ah, who could blame our *Sovereign* to decline  
Their *ways*, and say, *Was ever grief like mine?*  
First when his feet approach'd into the Hall,  
The ill-tun'd tongues of *sycophants* would call  
Aloud for *Justice*, though they never knew  
What *Justice* was, yet still they would renew  
Their most confounding, and discordious noates,  
And bawl for *Justice* with their fluce-like throats  
But he, that *Lambe* of Patience, never vented  
A word of anger, but with speed prevented

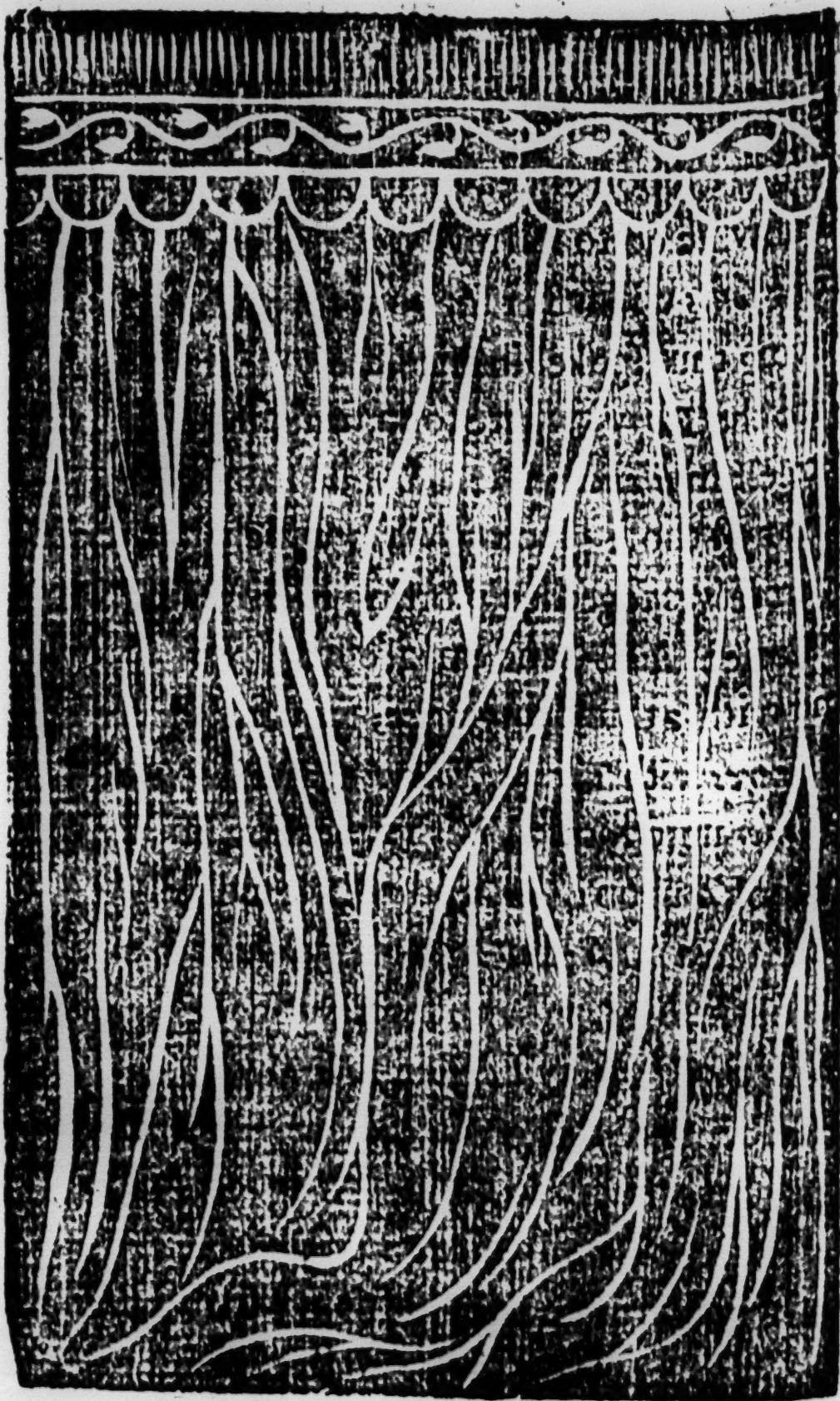




Their louder *cryes*, and with a pleasing *breatb*  
Replied, If *Iustice* can be gain'd by *death*,  
Ye shall not want it, only be content,  
Ye may as soon endeavour to *repent*,  
As now ye do to spil my *blood* ; advise,  
Your *souls* will suffer for your forward *cryes* :  
Having thus spoke, immediately he stept  
Unto the *Barre*, where for a time he kept  
Himself in *silence* ; like a *Sun* he shin'd  
Amongst those gloomy *clouds* which had com-  
Themselves together, plotting to disgrace (bin'd  
His orient *luster*, and impal'd his *face* :  
And with a thundring *voice*, they first salute  
His *ears* with *Tyrant*, *Traitor*, and impute  
*Murder* unto him : VVith a pleasing smile  
He look'd upon *them*, and a little while  
He made a *pause* ; but by, and by, he broke  
His fillent *lipps*, and moderately spoke  
To this *effect*, May I desire to know  
From whence this great *Authority* doth flow  
That you pretend to act by ? If it be  
Derivative, I shall desire to see,  
And know from *whom* ; till then I shall deny  
To give my *tongue* a *licence* to Reply.

You



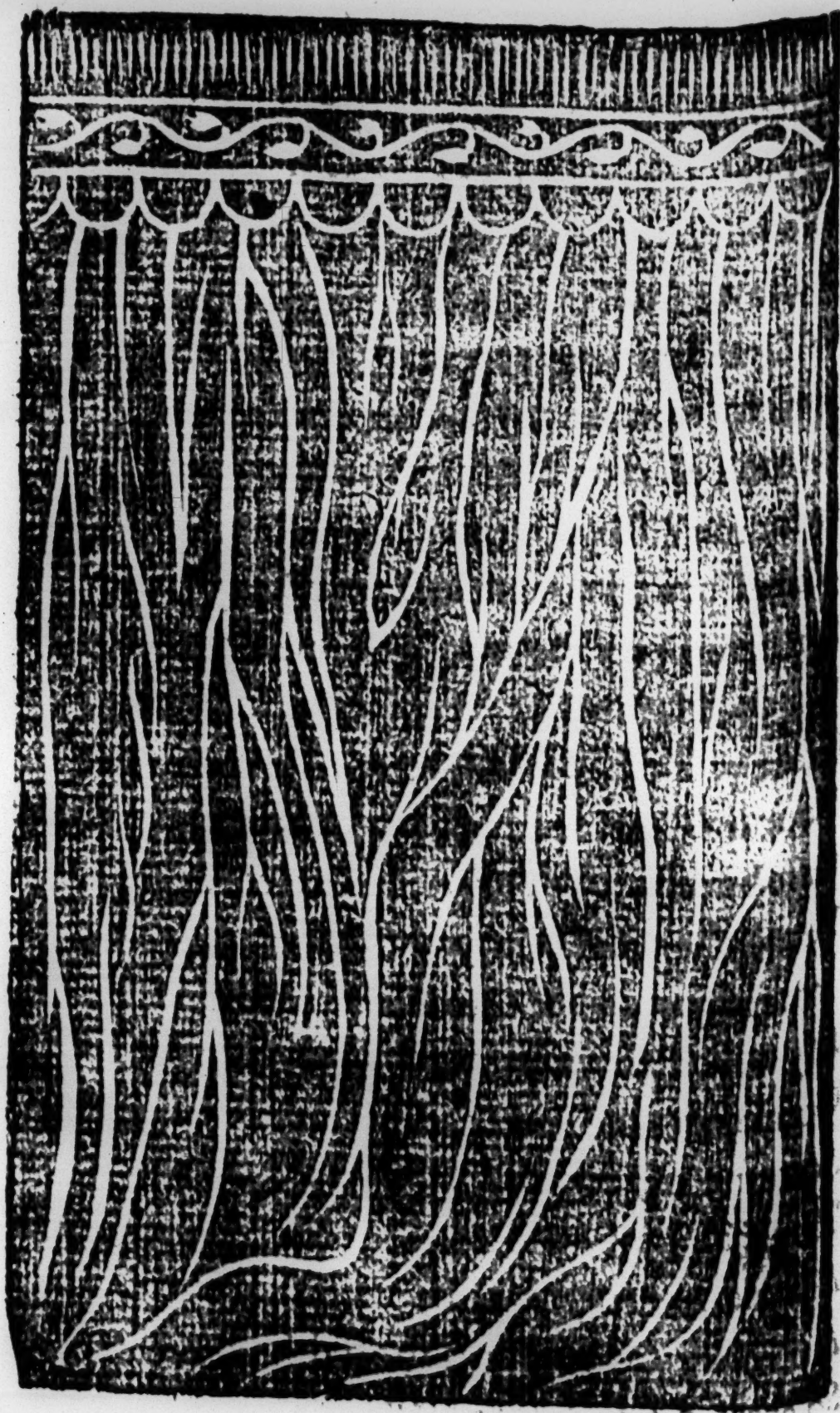


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You are our *Pris'ner* Sir, you ought not to  
Demand what your appointed *Judges* doe,  
For our *Authority* 'tis known at large  
Unto our *selves*; pray answer to your *charge*,  
Or else we shall proceed. I thought t'have seen  
My *Lords* and *Peers* together, that had been  
A means to make my fading *hopes* renew,  
For most of *them* I know, but none of *you*.  
As for my *Charge*, I own it as a thing  
Of small concernment, as I am a King  
You cannot try me, what your new made *laws*  
May do, I know not, have a care and pause  
Before you act in *blind*, strive to convince  
Your *stubborn hearts*, & know, I am your *prince*  
Y'are but abortive *Judges*, have a care,  
Ye may be tangl'd in your own made *snare*;  
Proceed, ye can but throw me to the *earth*,  
Thy which *parturient* needs must own the *birth*:  
God knows my *heart*, 'tis not my *life*, that I  
Account of, but my Subjects *Liberty*,  
That's all that I desire; ——— Sir, now we must  
A little interrupt *you*, 'tis unjust  
A *Prisoner* (as you are) should be allow'd  
So great a *privilege*; y'ave disavow'd

Our



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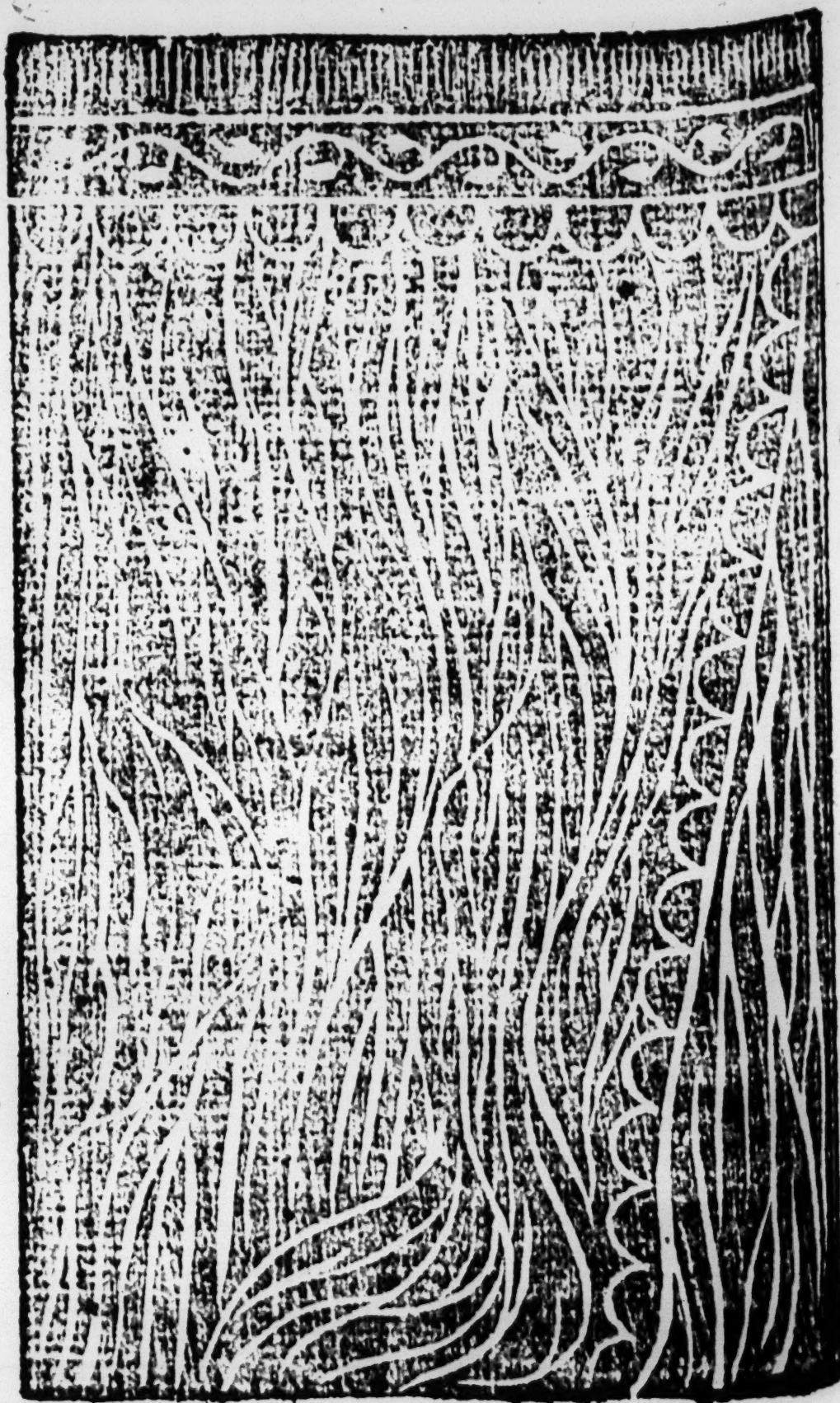


Our known *Authority*, and make a sport  
Of real *Justice*, and affront the Court :  
Feed not your guilty heart with such delay,  
Waste no more time, for *Justice* will not stay.

Pray give me leave to speak, great *Charls* re-  
You ought not *sir* to speak, we're satisfi'd (ply'd  
Already of your *guilt*, you must prepare  
To hear your *Sentence*, and you must forbear  
Your *vain*, and weak *discourses* : Is it so,  
He then reply'd; that I am forc'd to go  
Away unheard; Alasse, 'tis not the voice  
Of *death* can daunt my *breast*, ye may rejoyce  
At my *destruction*; though you have no *care*  
To entertain my *language*, heaven will hear.  
Take notice *people*, that your *King's* deny'd  
To speak : *was ever Justice* rul'd by *pride*?

Thus having lay'd the *burthen* of their *spight*  
Upon his *head*, they sent him from their sight;  
But he (that was inspir'd by *heav'n*) did show  
A *countenance* that did import their *woe*,  
More then a *sorrow* for his *death*, his face  
Was dy'd with *honor*, theirs, with foul *disgrace*,  
His *patience* was their *passions*, and they found  
His *mind* a *king dom*, where his *heart* was crown'd  
With





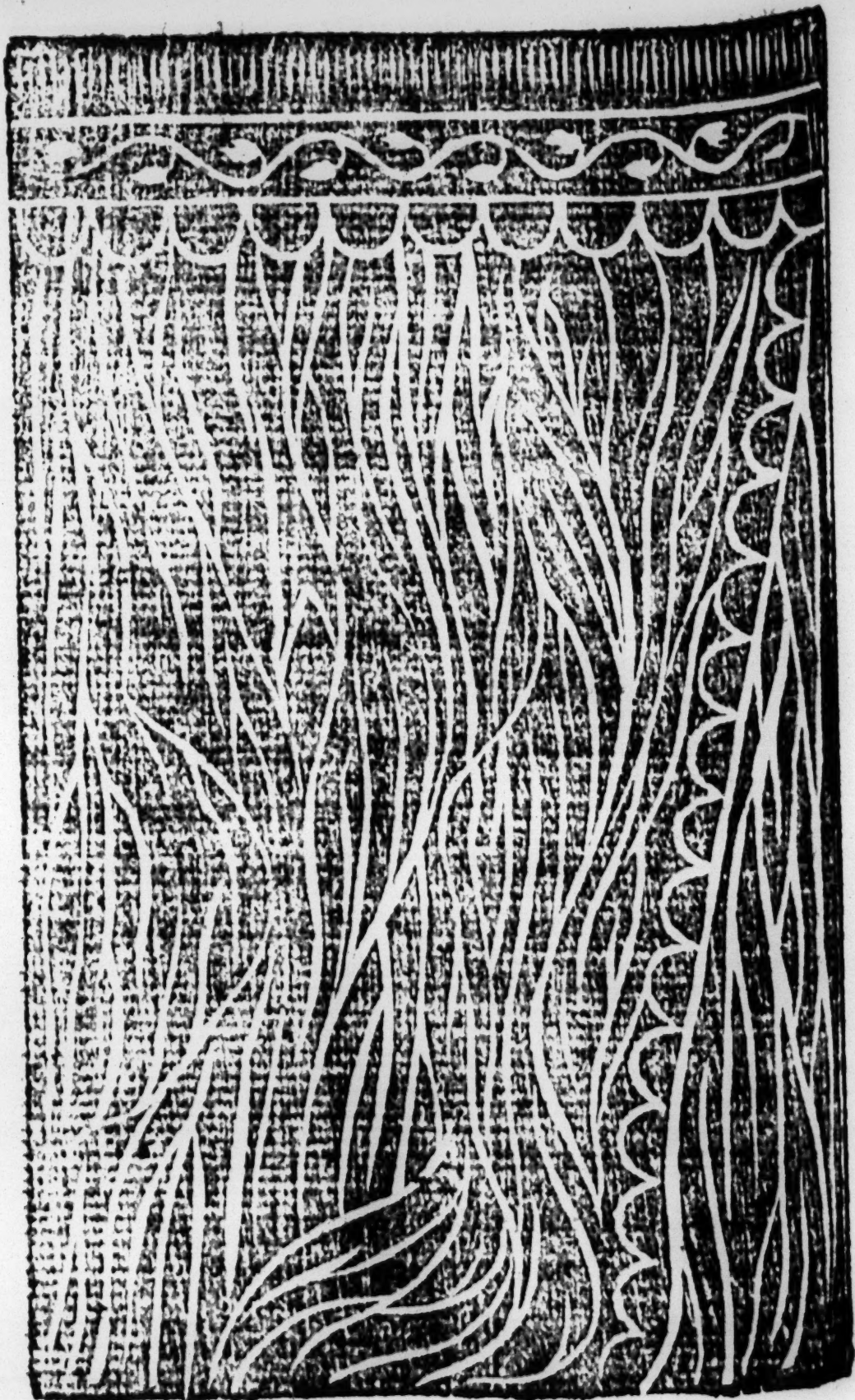
An Elegy.

With constant love; oh that I could rehearse  
His *living verses*, with a *living verse*;  
But now my *Pen* must leave him for a time,  
And dwell upon the *mountaines* of that *crime*  
Which they committed; Put a *King* to death!  
Oh horrid *action*! what *venomous breath*  
Pronounc'd that *fatall sentence*? may it live  
To poyson *Scorpions*, and not dare to give  
The least of sounds, to any humane *care*.  
Sure he was *deaf* himselfe, and could not hear  
The cadence of his *language*; for the sound  
Had been sufficient to inflict a wound  
Within his *marble heart*; oh such a deed (*bleed*  
Stabbs Kingdoms to the *hearts*, and makes them  
Themselves to *death*; to loose so good a *King*,  
By such base meanes, will prove a *viperous sting*.  
To this detested Land;——

——— If *Kings* transgresse,  
And prove *Tyrannicall*, we must addresse  
Our *tearles* to *Heav'n*, and by our *Prayers* desire  
The assistance of his *mercy*, to inspire  
Our *Soules* with true *obedience*, that we may  
Strengthen our *selves*, and *passively* Obey

What

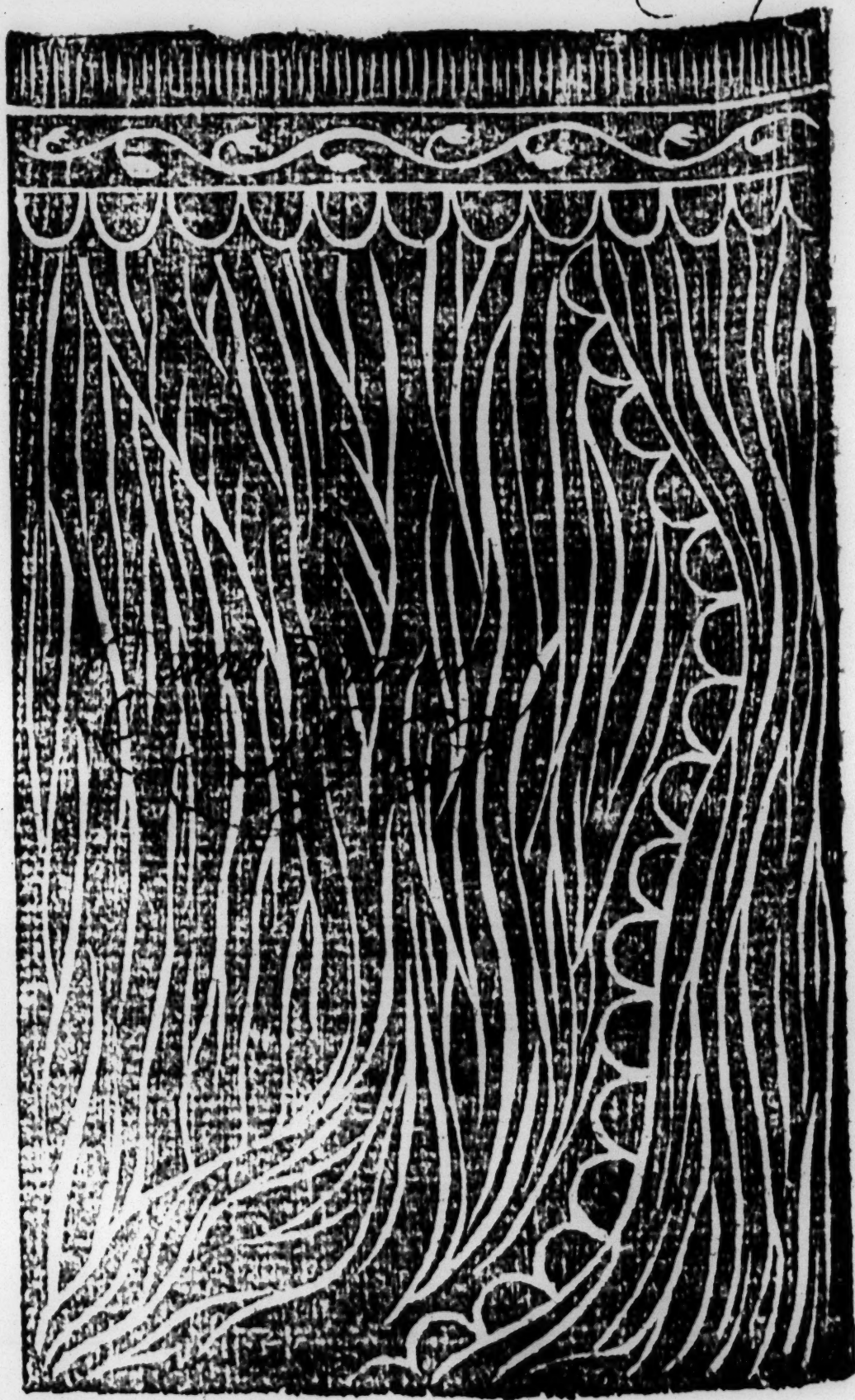






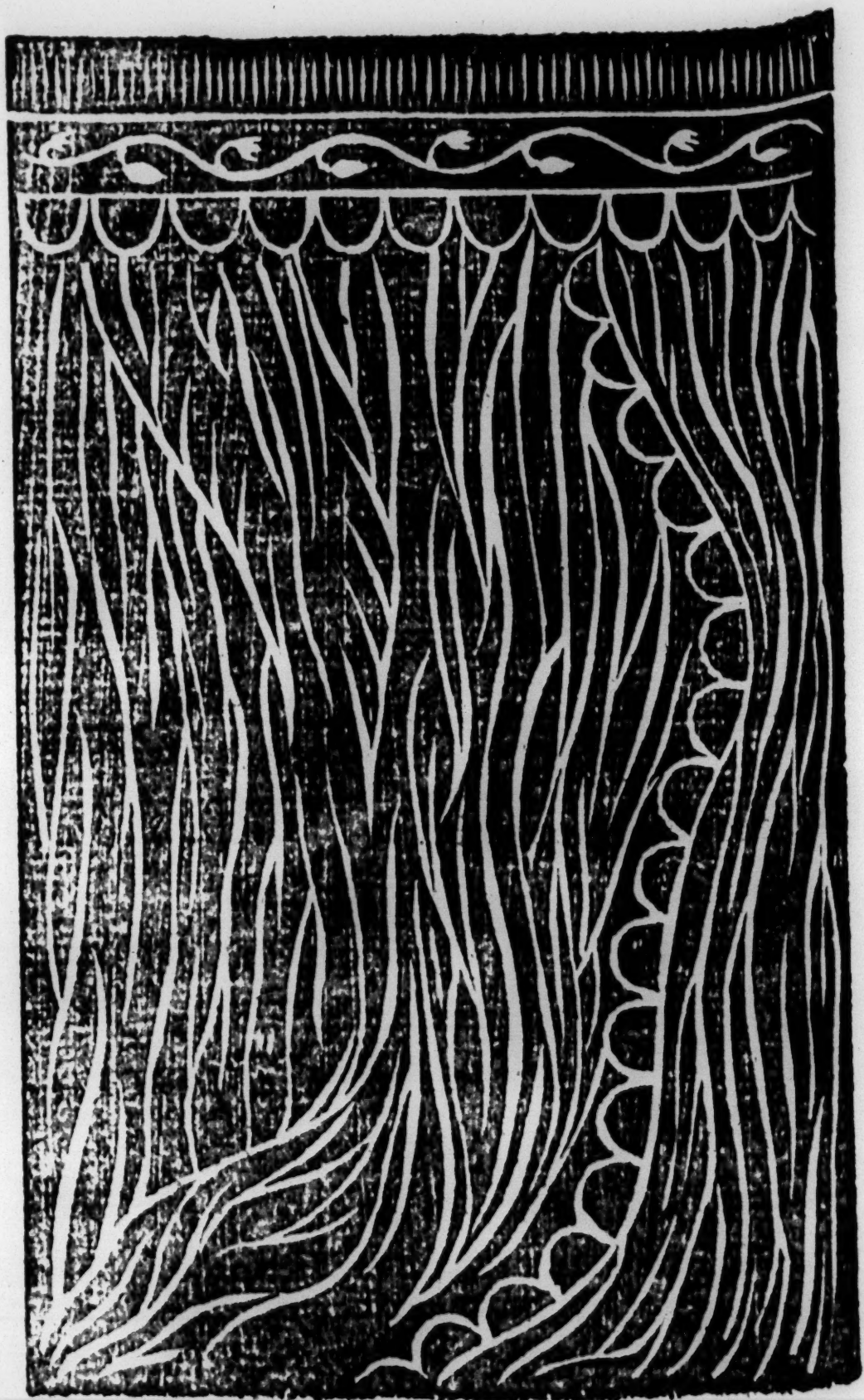
What *actively* we cannot ; for *Kings* reigne  
 By *God*, we therefore ought not to maintaine  
 Our *rage* against *them*; he that shall controule  
 The *actions* of a King, burthens his Soul  
 With a most ponderous *crime* ; If, to suppose  
 But *Ill* of *Kings* be sin; oh how have those  
 Transgress'd that have destroy'd their *King*, and  
 Him *subject*, to bad *subjects*, that betray'd (made  
 Their *Souls* to *Tyranny* ? Oh Heav'n forgive  
 What they have done, and let their *sorrows* live  
 Within their *Souls*; Oh make them to behold  
 Their *errors*; Let not *Conquest* make them bold.  
 Here stop my *Muse*, let's labour to accost  
 Our former glory, *Charles*, though we have lost  
 His Sacred *Person*, yet we must not loose  
 His happy *memory* ; Ah who can chuse  
 But *sigh*, when as they seate his glorious *name*  
 Within their *serious* thoughts : If ever *Fame*  
 Receiv'd a *Crown* ; It was from *him*, whose worth  
 My wearied Quill's too weak to blazon forth;  
 And when the best of my *endeavor's* done,  
 I shall but light a *Candle* to the *Sun*,  
 Yet I will spend my *strength*; a feeble *light*  
 Plac'd by a greater, makes it shine more bright :

Randolph

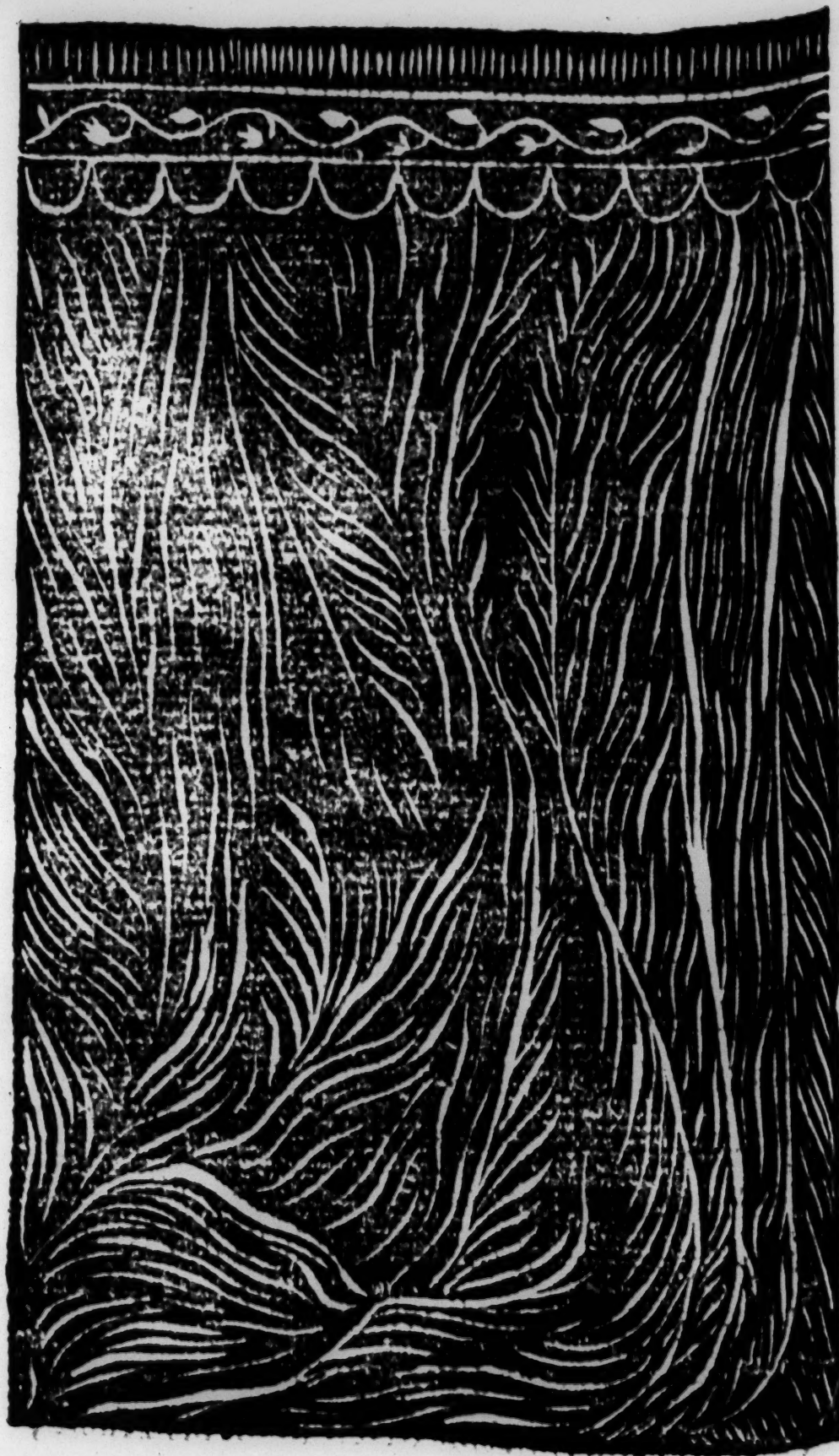


He was ('tis not unknown to all the earth)  
A Prince by *vertue*, and a Prince by birth.  
In the *exordium* of his Reigne, he sway'd  
The Scepter of this Land, (till time betray'd  
Cupid to Mars) with a Majestique brow,  
And made his cheerfull subjects hearts to bowe  
In honour, and it could not be exprest  
Whether he rul'd *himself*, or subjects best ;  
He was a Prince, whose life and conversation  
Impoverish'd vices, and enrich'd his Nation  
With good examples, honor never found  
So sweet a harbour, vertue never crown'd  
So rare a heart ; Love reiga'd within his eye,  
And there was cloathed with Divinitie.  
Vertue and Majesty did seem to strive  
Within his Royall breast, which should survive  
In greatest glory, but 'twas soon decided,  
Martha and Mary, would not be devided,  
No more would they, there was a sympathy  
Between them both, for if the one should dye,  
The other could not live, they were combin'd  
Within his breast, and could not be disjoyn'd.  
Oh happy is that Land, where Vertue shall  
Meet Majesty within a Princes hall.





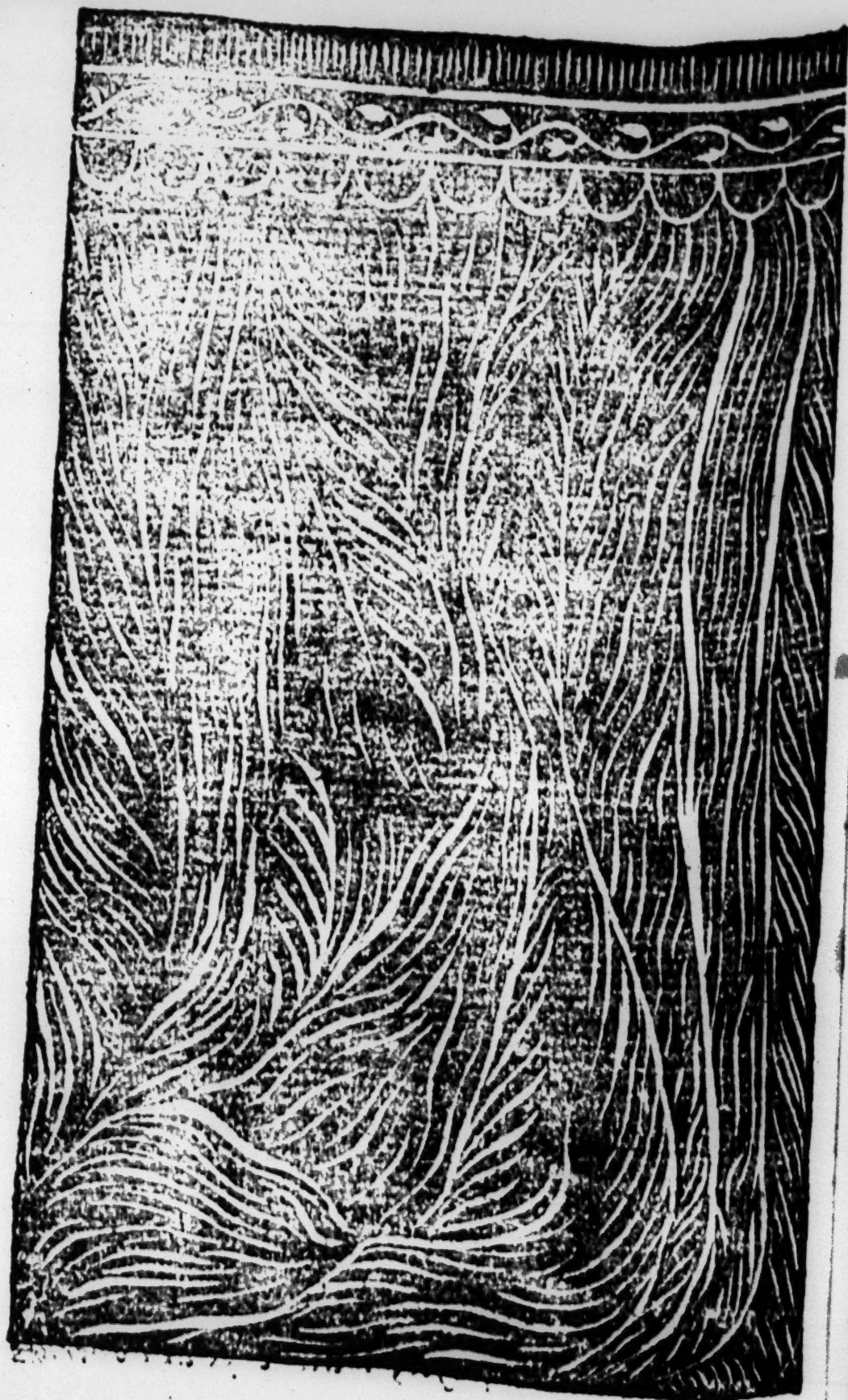
He was a *King*, not onely over *Land*,  
But over *Passion*, for he could command  
His Royall *self*, and when approaching trouble  
Assail'd his *minde*, his *wisdome* would redouble  
His present *patience*, and he would allow  
The worst of *sorrows*, a contented *brow* ;  
His undivided *soul* was alwayes free  
To propagate the *workes* of *Pietie* ;  
His heart was still attracted to good *motions*,  
By the true *Loadstone* of his firme *devotions*.  
He alwayes studied how to recompence  
Good *deeds* with full *rewards* : as for *offence*  
He sooner would *forgive* it, then impose  
A *punishment* ; his *meeknesse* made his *focs*  
Grow *supercilious*, and at last, they made  
A private *snare*, and *zelously* betray'd  
The *Lord* of *Englands* *life*, whose free consent  
Granted them a *trieniall* *Parliament*  
To salve the *Kingdomes* *grievances*, but they  
Took not the *grievances*, but *Him* away ;  
It could not be distinguish'd which did *Reigne*  
*Mars* or *Appollo*, most within his *braine* :  
He was a *Cesar*, and the equall *fame*  
Of *Warr*, and *Wisdome* dwelt upon his *Name* ;





As for his *Martiall* parts, *Edge-hill* will beare  
An everlasting *record*, how his *cure*  
And *resolution* did maintain that *fight*,  
Till *day* submitted to th'incroaching *night* ;  
Although Heav'ns *Generall* was pleas'd to bring  
Such small *conditions*, to so great a *King* ;  
We must not judge, that 'tis *successe*, that can  
Procure the *title* of a *Valiant man*,  
For that, will but instruct *him* how to fly  
Upon the wings of *popularity* ;  
As for his *Theologick* parts I may  
Without *presumption* absolutely say  
He was a second *David*, and could raise  
A lofty *straine* to sing his *Makers* praise ;  
Read but his *Meditations* , and you'le finde  
His *breast* retain'd a heav'n-enamel'd *minde* :

Now *Reader*, close thine *eyes*, & doe not read  
My following *lines*, except thy *heart* can bleed,  
And thou not dye; ah heer's a mournfull *text*,  
Imports a *death*, suppose what follows next,  
And 'tis enough ; oh that I could *ingresse*  
The *language* of the *world*, t'expresse this *losse* ;  
Break *hearts*, weep *eyes*, lament your *Sovereigns*  
And let *him* swimme unto his *funerall* ( fall,



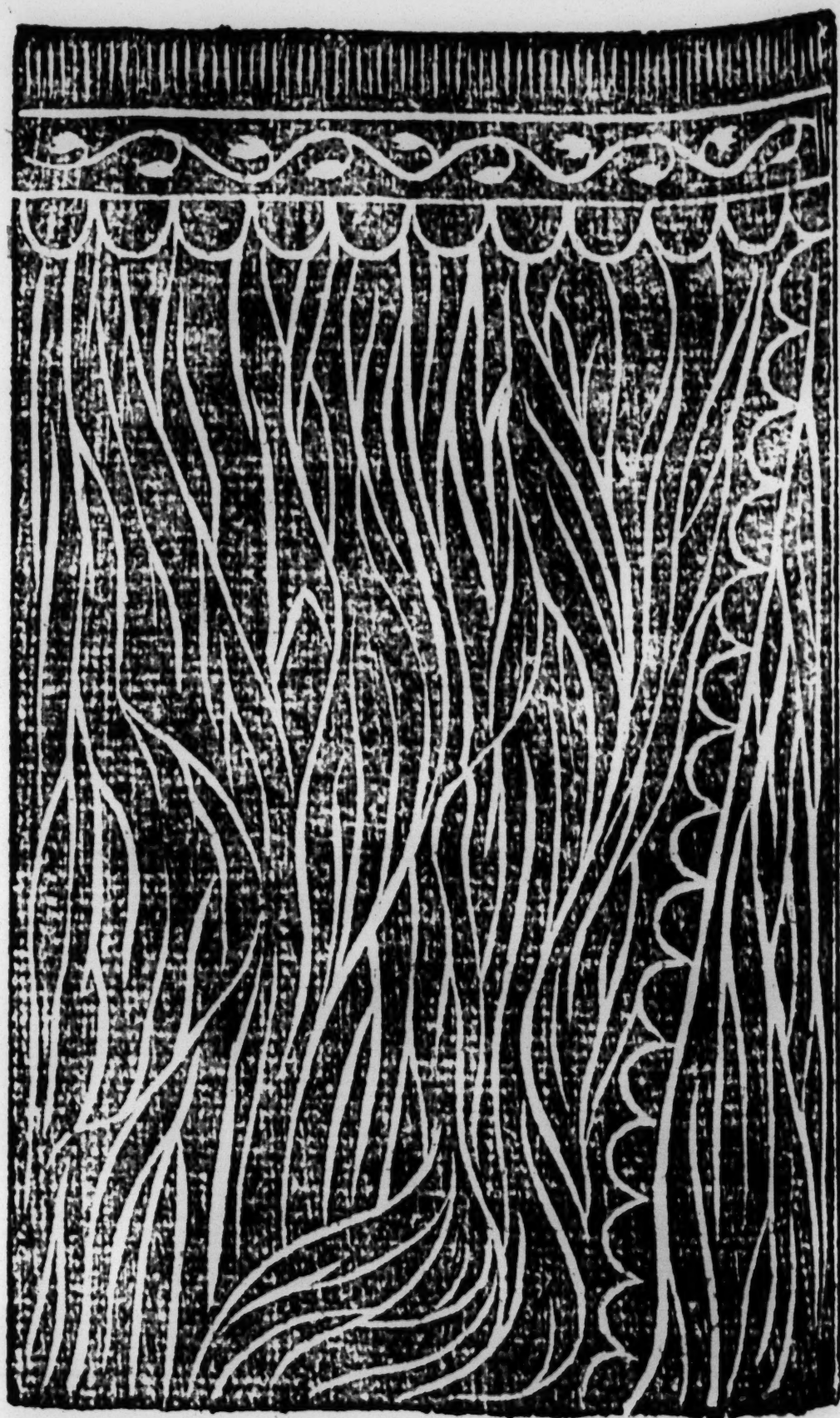


In subjects *teares*; oh had you seen his feet  
Mounted the *stage of blood*, and run to meet  
The *fury* of his foes, and how his *breath*  
Proclaim'd a *correspondency* with death;  
Oh then thy diving *heart* must needs have found  
The depth of *sorrow*, and receiv'd a wound  
That *Time* could not recure, oh such a sight  
Had been sufficient to have made a *night*  
Within this little *world*, hadst thou but seen  
What soul-defending *patience* stood between  
*Passion*, and him; with what a pleasing *grace*,  
( *As if that Death had blush'd within his face* )  
He look'd upon his *people*, which surrounded  
His mourning *Scaffold*, whilst his *thoughts* aboun-  
With heav'nly *raptures*; his *Angellike* voice (ded  
Taught *Ioy* to weep, and *sorrow* to rejoyce;  
*Teares* blinded many, that they could not see  
So *bloody*, so abhorr'd a *Tragedie*.

He look'd, as if he rather came to view  
His *Subjects*, then to bid them all adue;  
*Fear* had no *habitation* in his *breast*,  
And what he *spoke*, was readily exprest;  
Heav'ns sacred *Orator* divinely typp'd  
His tongue with golden *languages*, and dipp'd

His





His soul in Loves sweet fountaine, so that all  
 That lov'd, admir'd, and griev'd to see him fall;  
 Whilst he (submitting Prince) devoutly pray'd  
 That heav'n would pardon *those* that had betray'd  
 His body to the grave; as ~~for~~<sup>for</sup> his soul  
 He had forgave them all, and did condole  
 Their sad conditions; having spent his breath,  
 He yeelded (like a lambe) unto his death.  
 Much more he utter'd, but my burthen'd Quill  
 Recoyles, and will not prosecute my Will;  
 My Pen and I, must now abruptly part,  
 Pardon (oh Reader) for love bindes my heart  
 With chaines of sorrow, let me crave, what I  
 Shall want in language, that thou wilt supply  
 In Meditation; but before I let  
 My quill desert my hand, I'll make it sett  
 This Tragi-comick period to my story,

Charles liv'd in trouble, and he dy'd in glory.

F I N I S.

Habakkuk. cap. 1. verse. 13.

Thou art of purer eyes (Oh God) then to behold  
 evill, and canst not look on iniquity: Wherefore look-  
 est thou upon them that deal treacherously, and hold-  
 est thy tongue when the wicked devoureth the man  
 that is more righteous then they?

## AN EPITAPH

Upon

*C*aines, having kill'd their *Abel*, lay'd  
*H*im underneath, whom they betray'd  
*A*nd forc'd to death ( *Kinde Reader* ) know  
*R*eligion was his overthrow.  
*L*ament, lament, this fatall losse,  
*E*ngland never had a *Crosse*  
*S*o great as this; Let every eye

*K*eepe *teares* to weep his *Elegie*.  
*I* may presume to say, a *Tombe*  
*N*ever had a richer *wombe*.  
*G*oe not till your *sorrows* have

*O*ffer'd *teares* unto his *grave*;  
*F*aile not to spend some reall *groanes*,

*E*xcept your *hearts* are turn'd to *stones*.  
*N*ow methinks his *ashes* cries  
*G*uiltlesse blood's a *Sacrifice*,  
*L*ondon lately lost her *heart*,  
*A*nd is sick in every *part*,  
*N*othing could appease but *blood*,  
*D*eath took her *King*, and left a *flood*.

F I N I S.





# AN ELEGY

U P O N

The Right Honorable, the Lord *CAPELL*,  
*Baron of Hadham ; Who was beheaded at West-*  
*minster, for maintaining the ancient and Funda-*  
*mentall Lawes of the Kingdom*

of England,

*man*  
 Thomas PRICK

March the 9. 1648.

*Hen jacet, ant factis vivat ubiq; suis... Hadham*

**D**isturbe me not, my thoughts are mourn-  
 (ting high  
 To build a Nest for Capells memory.

Fool thot I am, I doe not meane, a Nest,  
 No, nor a Kingdome neither, that's the least  
 Of all my thoughts : It is a world, that shall  
 Be rul'd by Capells eccho ; hollow all

Ye

Ye sacred *Muses*, and conspire to bring  
 Materialls for this *worke*, and learne to sing :  
 For should ye weep, your *eyes* might undertake  
 To drown that *world*, which I intend to make.  
 Forbeare ; your *teares* are uselesse, you must now  
 Gaze upon *death* with an undaunted *brow*,  
*Capell* has taught us how to entertaine  
 The pallid looks of *Mars*, by him we gaine  
 The *art* of dying, and from him we have  
 The *definition* of a Noble *grave* ;  
 Rare *soul*, I say, thy ever active *Fame*  
 Shall build a *world* upon thy pregnant *name*,  
 And every Letter of thy *Name* shall raise  
 A spacious *Kingdom*, where thy ample *praise*  
 Shall be recorded, every hearkning *ear*  
 Shall prove Ambitious, and admire to heare :  
 'Twill be a *glory*, when the world shall say  
 'Twas bravely done, his *Soveraigne* led the way,  
 And he ( as valiant Souldiers ought to doe )  
 March'd boldly after, and was alwayes true  
 To sacred *Majesty* ; his Noble *breath*  
 Disdain'd the feare of a *Tyrannick* death ;  
*Death* added *life* unto his *thoughts*, for he  
 Contemn'd a *life*, if bought, with *infamie*,

The very *birds* shall learne to prate, and sing,  
How *Capell* suffer'd for his Royall King.  
Rouze then ye stupid *sonns* of *Morpheus*; Let  
This shining *Sun* of English *valour* set.  
And rise within your *horizons*, your *hearts*  
I mean, and teach you how to sing in parts  
The *Anthems* of his *worth*; oh understand  
That this was he, whose *death* hath fill'd the *land*  
With living *sorrow*; this was he, whose *glory*  
Shall lend the *world* an everlasting *story*:

You lust-obeying *Tarquins*, that permit  
And tolerate your *pleasures*, to commit  
Adulterated *actions*, and command  
*England*, our poor *Lucretia*, to stand  
Subject to your libidinous *desires*,  
And cannot help her selfe, heav'n grant your *fires*  
May soon expire, that at the last we may  
( Like *Tarquins* ) see you banish'd quite away.  
Say, will your hungry *appetites* receive  
No satisfaction? have ye vow'd to leave  
No noble *blood*? Alas, how can your meek  
And tender *consciences*, thus *roar* and *seek*  
Like greedy *Lyons*, scenting up, and downe  
To find your *prey* in every Royall *Towne*?

Where



Where is that *zeal* which was in former *times*  
 A golden *pretext*, to your drossy *crimes*?  
 Doe ye not think of *heav'n*? have ye forgot  
 There is a *God*? or will ye owne him not?  
 Where is *Religion* ( your upholder ) fled?  
 What? is that *murther'd* too; or have ye spread  
 A vaile upon *her*, that she may not be  
 Observ'd, or own'd, but in *necessitie*?  
 Has not *Religion* all this while maintain'd  
 Your unjust *cause*? what money's ye have gain'd  
 Was for *Religions* sake, which still supply'd  
 Your *wants*, but now ye're *full*, that's lay'd aside;

*Unhappy is that land, whose People brags,  
 That they have put Religion up in baggs.*

*Money* precedes *Religion* now; but stay  
 Precipitating *quill*, I've lost my way,  
 Nay and my *subject* too, how came my *minde*  
 Thus much to deviate? oh where shall I finde  
 My former *subject*? shall my *thoughts* abject  
 His *memory*, and own him with Neglect?  
 No, no, they shall not, come my *Muse* repose,  
 Let's think upon our *Friend*, and let our foes  
 Wanton in *Capels* blood, thy *worth* shall fill  
 The black-mouth'd *concave* of my mourning *quill*.

He

He was a *Pompie*, but receiv'd his harme  
From *Tyrants*, not from *Casars* noble arme :  
He had an *Army* in his minde, could call  
*Vertue* to be their bold-fac'd *Generall* ;  
He had no *Pride*, no *faction* to create  
Or nurse *division* in his peacefull *state* ;  
He had a *Court* of *Iustice* in his *breast*,  
But not to *tyrannize*, or make inquest  
After the *sons* of *Loyalty*, or bring  
*Illegall Judgements*, to their legall *King* ;  
He had a *heart*, that never us'd to hide  
The heate of *envie*, or the flames of *Pride* ;  
He had a *Conscience* never us'd t'exact  
Upon a *widdowed* *Kingdome*, or extract  
The *treasures* of a *Nation* to defray  
His owne *desires*, he never us'd to play  
The *Devill* in the *habit* of a *Saint*,  
Or teach his *Agitators* how to paint  
A *vice* with pleasing *colours*, or prepare  
His ready *eyes* to shed a *zealous* teare  
With a false *heart*, he never striv'd to please,  
And turne the *peoples* hearts with *Peters* *Keyes* ;  
And to conclude, he never would desire  
Other mens *snells* to maintaine his *fire* ;

Now Reader, thou hast heard he had a *minde*  
Not *morgag'd* unto *basenesse*, but inclin'd  
To honourable *actions* ; It was he  
That was the *Embleme* of true *Charitie* :  
Yet some unworthy *Spirits* have exprest  
He was a *son* of *Rome*, because his breast  
Was fill'd with *pitty*, and would still relieve  
The *Poore*, whose wants, instructed him to *grieve*.  
False are those base *reports*, he was a man  
Always reputed a great *Puritan*,  
And not a *Papist*, and he had a care  
To have that *hated* Book of *Common Prayer*  
Read to his *Family*, himself would joyne  
His aide to any thing that was *Divine* ;  
The *Church* did seldome faile to entertaine  
His Noble *self*, and his domestique *traine*,  
Untill this blessed *Reformation* spread  
It selfe abroad and struck *Religion* dead ;  
And then indeed his *Conscience* would refuse  
To let him heare some *Babshakah* abuse  
His Gods *Anointed*, and his reall heart  
Could not endure to heare *time-servers* dart  
Arrowes of *envy* at his *King*, and raile  
Against his *Consort*, lab'ring to intaile

Disgrace



Disgrace upon their *names*, and fill the earth  
With heapes of *errors*, and rebellious *mirth*;  
These things his *heart* abhorr'd, he could not hear  
His *King* abused with a patient *care* :  
He was the *soul* of *Loyalty*, his minde  
Was alwayes *active*, for he still inclin'd  
His *thoughts* to *goodnesse*, striving how to bring  
*Peace* to his *Country*, *honor* to his *King* ;  
He was a *man* that alwayes us'd to fly  
Upon the wings of true *solidity* ;  
He was *compleat*, and *rich* in every part,  
His *tongue* was never *traytor* to his *heart* ;  
But now, ah now (I shall make Death too proud  
To speake it ) he hath lately left this clowd,  
This *world* of *envy*, and is gone t' inheric  
Those *joyes* which wait upon a Noble *Spirit*:  
Now, now hee's gone to *heav'n's* sublimer *court*,  
Where *Justice* lives, a place, where false *report*  
Shall finde no *care*; a place, where none shall *dye*  
For being *rich*, or *wise* ; there *Loyalty*,  
Shall be respected; there, the weeping *eyes*  
Of *Orphans* shall be pittied; there the *cries*  
Of *Ladies* pleading for their *Lords* shall finde  
A full respect where *Virtue* is refinde,

There must be *happinesse*, oh thinke but where  
 It is, (kinde Reader) and brave *Capell's* there :  
 There, there, he *rests*, who stoutly trode the *stage*  
 Of *blood*, whose *life*, or unjust *death*, no age  
 Will ever *parallell*, his *courage* gave  
 A *life* to *death*, and *pleasure* to a *grave* ;  
 He had a pleasing *countenance*, his *face*  
 Did seem to *blush*, but 'twas for their *disgrace*,  
 And not his *guilt*, he never seem'd t' expresse  
 The least of *fear*, but hasted to addresse  
 Himself to *heav'n*, and like a *stagge*, he bay'd  
 At his unsatiated *hounds*, and lay'd  
 His *life* before them, and contemn'd their *power*  
 Because he knew, they onely could devoure  
 His little *world*; but for his *soul*, that went  
 Before a more conscientious *Parliament*,  
 Where now he *rests* in *peacefulnesse*, & doubles  
 His *pleasures*, whilst his *foes* survive in *troubles*.

There rest heroick *Capell*, and enjoy  
 Those rich *delights*, which time cannot destroy ;  
 Rest *thou*, whilst those are *restlesse*, which deny'd  
 To let thee rest on *earth*, whose hearts are ty'd  
 In loody *fetters*, which conglutinates  
 Their *souls*, and leads them to the worst of *fates*

But now my *quill* growes weake, I must forsake  
These *sable pathes*, I dare not undertake  
So great a *journey*, for my feeble *pen*  
Begins to stagger, *grief* can teach me when  
I shall begin, but will not prove my *friend*,  
And lead my *sorrows* to a peacefull *end* ;  
My *thoughts* encrease, this *subject* would infuse  
A youthfull *life*, into an ancient *Muse*.  
My heart's compos'd of *raptures*, and my *hand*  
Receives new *strength* ; methinks I could cōmand  
The spacious *world*, and teach it to expresse  
His praise on *earth*, though not his happinesse  
In *heav'n*, where now I'll leave him, and retire;  
I'll cease to *write*, and practice to *admire*.

*Ye have killed, and condemned the just, and he  
doth not resist you. Jam. 5. 6.*



## AN EPITAPH,

Upon

*The Right Honorable,*

*A* towre is fallen, and it lyes  
*R*epresented to thy eyes :  
*T*herefore, *Reader*, if thy *breath*  
*H*ad an *interest* in his *death*,  
*U*nfix thy *thoughts*, and post away,  
*R*eason forbids a *Tyrants* stay :

*L*avish out your hearty *cryes*,  
*O*pen wide your flowing *eyes*,  
*R*ecord his *worth*, and let all *hearts*  
*D*oate upon his living *parts* :

*C*an any thinke upon his *Name*,  
*A*nd not labour to proclaime  
*P*erpetuall *praises* to his *worth*,  
*E*ngaging *hearts* to set him forth :  
*L*et all *men* say, and not *repent*,  
*L*oe here lyes *Murthers* Complement.

*Dignum laude virum musa vetat*  
*mori.*———

Englands Sonnets of her beloved King.

**I** Am a *Widdow*, wedded to distresse, (presse  
And know not how, nor where, or whom t'ex-  
My *griefe* unto : alas ! I have no friend  
Can help ; and sorrowes progresse knows no end :  
I fall, I fall, and ah ! what ready hand  
Will give assistance to a reeling Land ?

S O N. 2.

I bleed, I bleed my selfe into a floud ;  
And who can stop the current of my bloud ?  
I pine, I pine, and ah ! who will impart  
Some living comfort to a dying heart ?  
Death groanes within my bowels, and I have  
No peace at all ; grief makes my breast a grave.

S O N. 3.

Where ere I turne my selfe, I can discry  
Nothing but ruinating Tyranny ;  
Pleasures look old, and grief begins to play  
The youthfull Tyrant ; every pregnant day  
Parturiates novelties, and every hower  
I'm lash'd, and torne, by a Mechannick power.

S O N. 4.

Sad times present themselves, and peace is  
In purple Seas ; Impiety is Crown'd (drownd  
With bloody hands, and virtue is bequeath'd  
To death, and shame survives, where honour  
Unhappy I, that was a happy Nation, (breath'd :  
Though now deformed by a Reformation.

## SON. 5.

Envie is grown tryumphant, and it sings  
 The joyfull downfall of the best of Kings ;  
 The earth's invested in a Scarlet gowne ;  
 Upstart Rebellion, knockes obedience downe ;  
 All things admit of change, the hearts devotion  
 Is constant in nothing, but unconstant motion.

## SON. 6.

Tell me, oh Tyrants ! you, whose rusty soules  
 Wanton in blood, will nothing but full boules  
 Appease your raging appetites, and stop  
 The crannies of your heart ? know, every drop  
 Will prove a lasting fire, and proclaime  
 That guiltlesse Blood's an everlasting flame.

## SON. 7.

A Tyrant ! no, he was not ; may he be  
 That dare to speake it, nurr'd by Tyranny :  
 He was, virtue will tell thee what ; for ah ! my  
 Decayes at every accent of his death ; (breath  
 Sorrow instructs my sou', and makes me cry  
 My *Charles* is Murtherd, and my glories die.

## SON. 8.

Since he is robb'd of breath, can I expect  
 To live ? or living, hope to finde respect ?  
 Oh no ! I cannot, for my breath will taint  
 The world, and make Rebellion seeme a Saint ;  
 Where ere I hide my self, or strive to dwell,  
 I needs must be discovered by my smell.



S O N. 9.

I am despis'd, and miserably left,  
An Orphan unto sorrow ; and bereft  
Of all my Joyes ; ah ! 'las where shall I run  
T'immure my selfe untill, the rising sun  
Shall dissipate these clouds ; whose swelling rage  
Despise obedience, and corrupt an Age.

S O N. 10.

Virtue, thou word of danger ; canst thou breed  
Corrupted bloud ? can envie make thee bleed ?  
'Tis true th'art envies object ; for I know  
Envie offends, and virtue beares the blow ;  
But 'tis not strange, the cause 'tis easily knowne,  
Envie findes many friends, but virtue none.

S O N. 11.

Justice is grown a Tyrant, and will finde  
No ear for reason ; but is more inclin'd  
To bloud, then lenity ; unheard-of times,  
When they that punish virtue, nourish Crimes :  
But wonder not ; we know when force prevailes,  
That Justice must not dare to use her scales.

S O N. 12.

Bloud cries for Justice, Justice cries for Bloud,  
Assaulting vengeance cannot be withstood :  
Bloud cries aloud for vengeance, and surrounds  
The eares of Heaven with most bewailing sounds ;  
Judgement appropriates to my guilty Land,  
If guiltlesse fall, the guilty cannot stand.

## SON. 13.

Bewail your selves ye sons of *Murder*, call  
Your souls to question, empty out that gall  
Which now imbitters your too guilty hearts ;  
Prepare, prepare to entertaine the darts  
Of speedy vengeance ; know it is not good  
To cast up your accounts to Heaven in Bloud.

## SON. 14.

Destruction dwels upon my walls, that are  
Plaister'd with Bloud : ah, now I must prepare  
My selfe to be a *Chaos*, for I see  
My People sell themselves to Tyrannie :  
They are enslav'd by Slaves, that know not how  
To manage Justice with a candid brow.

## SON. 15.

But must I perish ? Is there no reliefe (griefe  
Can ease my sorrowes ? Must my sharp nail'd  
Pinch me to death ? how sad is my condition ?  
How void is my disease of a Physitian ?  
My paines are greater then I can endure ;  
That physick kills, which some prescribe to cure.

## SON. 16.

My glorious King, whose presence was my life,  
Is ravu'd from me ; and encroaching strife  
Is newly crown'd ; was ever Nation crost  
So much as this, that has by losing, lost  
Themselves for ever ? and with patience switch'd  
Themselves to ruine, and will be bewitch'd ?

SON.

S O N. 17.

Unheard of times ! was ever Nation blasted  
With such ill Lawes ? or so much over-casted  
With cloudes of Tyranny, which circumvents  
This Land, and rains down flouds of discontents ?  
These are those clouds wch can destroy the power  
Of Kings and Princes, with one falling showre.

S O N. 18.

Now must I lie subjected to the rage  
Of this severe Phlebotomising Age ?  
Now Majestie's destroy'd, I must submit  
To them that have nor *Majesty*, nor *Wit* ;  
*When Cedars fall, the shrubs that are below,*  
*Must needs lie subject to a fatall blow.*

S O N. 19.

My King was *Murther'd*, ah ! what greater curse  
Did ever *malice*, or *misfortune* nurse ?  
Had he surviv'd, I should have been content  
T'ave borne the burthen of a *Parliament* ;  
But now, ah now ! I'm made a loathed seat  
For those, whose *Tyrannies* have made them great.

S O N. 20.

But tell me *Tyrants* ; how your King is gon,  
Where is that *Peace* you often boasted on ?  
Where is the *Subjects* liberty ? or where  
Is that *Religion* that your seaven yeares care  
So violently chas'd ? have ye out-run  
Your selves, and lost them both ? discreetly done !



## SON. 21.

Selves-doting Tyrants! shall your *souls* commence  
*Doctors* in Bloud? what? wil ye recompence (crown'd  
 Your Favourite with death? 'twas they which  
 Your smooth-fac'd Actions; must they now be drown'd  
 In their own Bloud? your Lawes can brook no reason;  
 You kill the Traytours, and adore their Treason.

## SON. 22.

I am inflam'd, and some have thought it good,  
 To quench my raging flames with guiltless Bloud;  
 But they, who strive with Oyle to quench a fire,  
 Doe but engage the flames to mount up higher:  
 It is unlike; that fire which was made  
 With bloud at first, can be with bloud allay'd.

## SON. 23.

No, no, it cannot; for my bloud-made fire  
 Will scorch the world; and teach it to admire,  
 At their impieties, whose Soules are drench't  
 In Royall Bloud, whose flames cannot be quench't,  
 Except Just Heav'n distill his pleasing power,  
 And cool their soules with a repenting showre.

## SON. 24.

My dayes are tedious, and this new-made light  
 Corrupts my ancient, my admired sight;  
 What shall I doe? what unaccustom'd pathes  
 Must I now wander in? what murdering Lawes  
 Have circumvented me? Where shall I run  
 Till Heav'n adorne me with a second Sun?

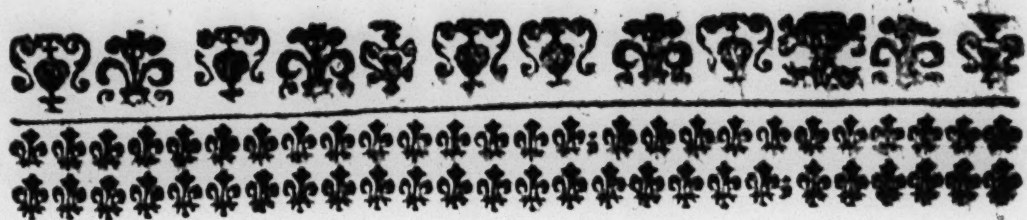


*A CURSE* against the ENEMIES of  
P E A C E.

**P**Eace, peace *Rebellious Vipers*; you that cry,  
Advance *Mechanicks*, downe with *Majestie*.  
Cease your vaine *wishes*, may ye never rest  
That love no *Peace*; nay may ye ne're be *blest*  
That envie *Sion*; ah ! shall *Sions* glory  
Be thus abstracted, and thus made a *story*  
To after *ages* ! hath your hungry *zeale*  
Devoured all your *senses* at one *meale* ?  
What doe ye meane ? doe ye intend to try  
A *Reformation* with *Phlebotomy* ?  
Or has your hel-bred *thoughts* found out a way  
To turne a *Canaan*, to a *Golgotha* ?  
Hath the *Tartarian Counsellour* invented  
Such thriving *plots*, that cannot be prevented ?  
Leave off base acts *Mechannicks*, and begin  
To deal *uprightly*, and reforme within :  
Bury your aged *Crimes*, and then goe call  
Your stragling *senses* to the *funerall* :  
Thus I advise you, if this will not doe,  
Assure your *selves* I'le learne to *curse* ye too.

May *heav'n*, whose frowning *countenance* doth  
 An *angry* resolution, overthrow (show  
 You, and your *prick-ear'd Progeny*, and make  
 Your *Children* suffer, for their *Parents* sake ;  
 May ye all *begge*, and wander *up and downe*  
 Like *Vagabonds*, be lash'd from *Town to Towne* ;  
 And may the *Loadstones* of your *crimes* attract  
 Ten thousand *plagues*, and may those *plagues* ex-  
 Upon your *lavish souls*, let *impious Fate* (act  
 Blush, if she chance to make you *fortunate*.  
 May *torments* pursue *torments*, and still grow  
 Till *Rithmetick* be non-plust, and o'rethrow  
 Your *Treason-loaded hearts* ; And if this *Curse*  
 Will not succeed, may't yeeld unto a *worse*  
 For you, that this declining *Age* may see  
 The *just rewards* of your *impietie*.  
 Let *baseness* be entail'd upon your *names*,  
 Too strong for all *recovery* ; Let *shames*  
 And lasting *infamies* remain  
 In deeper *Characters* then that of *Cain* ; (good  
 May your *souls* burn, till *heav'n* shall think it  
 To quench them in your *generations* blood,  
 That all the world may heare you *hisse*, and cry  
 Who lov'd no *Peace*, in *Peace* shall never dye.





# THE AUTHORS

## FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

**E** *Ngland*, farewell; th'affections that I  
     beare  
 To thee, I cannot name without a  
     teare;

I must be gon, my troubled *Conscience* loathes  
 To staine it's *welfare* with thy new-made oaths,  
*Heav'n* knowes my heart, I truly hate disorders,  
 And pittie them that live within thy borders.

As for my selfe; I cannot stoop so low,  
 To be subordinate to *them*, I know

Are

104 *The Authors farewell to England.*

Are but *inferiors*, though they have of late  
Converted *Monarchy* into a *State* ;  
Though *Heav'n* conceales his *anger* for a time,  
Giving them leave to dote upon a *crime* ;  
A day will come to plague their *souls*, and then  
They'le prove but *Devils* in the shapes of *Men*.  
And so farewell, poor *England*, quite farewell,  
Where *Furies* reigne, there needs must be a *Hell*.

*Anglia, jam quantum, quantum mutata vetustas,  
Nunc caput es sceleris, qui caput orbis eras.*

22. 9. 19  
P E N S.

